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The Shape of Things

THE BATTLE OF GERMANY BEGAN LAST Sunday with the firing of the first Allied artillery shell into the territory of the Reich—that "holy territory" which is about to be purified, though perhaps not sanctified. The firing of that shell was a milestone in five years of bitter war, one of the climaxes of a great and brilliant campaign which is still continuing toward new climaxes. It came at the end of a week in which the Allies had consolidated their gains into a single unbroken front from Nancy to the sea; a week in which the Germans, as anticipated, had managed to throw up temporary defenses along the main covering positions before the Siegfried Line. General Patton's Third Army, having raced ahead the fastest, was the first to be halted, along the difficult tank trap of the Moselle between Nancy and Metz, by stiffened resistance and over-extended supply lines. South of it, General Patch's Seventh Army drove up the Rhone toward the Belfort gap, leaving the ruins of the German Nineteenth Army in its wake. North of it, General Hodge's First Army moved through the "impenetrable" Ardennes and into Luxembourg. Farthest north, General Dempsey's Second Army liberated Brussels, thrust a finger into the Netherlands, wheeled east toward the flat plains of Westphalia. Behind them all lay buried Germans, Germans in hospitals, Germans in stockades—half a million of them. The Battle of Germany began with the odds heavily weighted in the Allies' favor.

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WHAT ARE THE GERMANS' CHANCES IN THE west? The covering positions, especially in the south, may be retained long enough for the Siegfried Line defenses to be refurbished and manned. These defenses will prove difficult but not insuperable. Already four Allied armies are drawn up on the western borders of the Reich; once the Channel ports are reduced, a fifth army, the Canadian First, will be free to move in where it is most needed. This last factor is important: having many vehicles, much gasoline, and the glittering prize of air supremacy, the Allies possess both strategic and tactical mobility to the highest degree. In a few days they can concentrate overwhelming men and material against any part of the Siegfried Line. The Germans, lacking trans-

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port, out of gas, and denuded of the air umbrella, cannot counter-concentrate. They must hold the long line with what remains of their once-powerful armies in the west: hold a line whose strength depends on the ability of its defenders to counter-attack sharply and instantly. This they cannot do on anything like the necessary scale. We may expect the longest possible delaying action before the line and in it, while tank traps and blockhouses are constructed in the villages of Germany—continued fighting once the Siegfried Line is broken may thus become possible. But as for the line itself, look for the tested Eisenhower-Montgomery-Bradley pattern to unfold: careful reconnaissance, building up of great strength, then the coordinated assault with aerial bombardment, the dropping of as many as six air-borne divisions to open gaps from the rear, and frontal breakthrough. No amount of time won can save the Germans from this splintering in the west.

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MR. DEWEY LAUNCHED HIS CAMPAIGN AT Philadelphia with a clarion call for an early return to the governmental and economic policies of Herbert Hoover. It is true that one may read his speech from beginning to end without finding a single mention of the last Republican President. But throughout his address Mr. Dewey insisted that all the difficulties with which the country is beset had their origin on March 4, 1933, when the "defeatist" policies of the New Deal were inaugurated. Warming up to this theme, he asserted that the New Deal had "kept this country in a continuous state of depression for seven straight years." Mr. Dewey did not object to any specific New Deal policy. Far from it. He called the roll of New Deal policies—security regulation, bank-deposit insurance, support for agriculture, unemployment insurance, old-age pensions, the Wagner act—and endorsed them all. But he was against "bureaucracy" and "experimentation" and a "controlled regulated society"—as if any government could operate without bureaus, occasional changes in policy, or regulations. In place of these fearsome evils Mr. Dewey would give us "an open door for every man who wants to start out in business for himself" and "government policies which encourage enterprise." Mr. Hoover's heart must have leaped as he heard those magic words—magic words that described his own administration's policy in the Golden Days of 1928 and 1929. Alas, that the New Deal intervened with its Great Depression.

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NOW THAT HIS GOVERNMENT IS INSTALLED in the capital, General De Gaulle is tackling the tough political problems that were bound to confront him as soon as French soil was liberated. First is the major and most delicate job of reorganizing the government. He must eliminate the doubtful and weak and give representation to the various political elements that support the reborn Republic. So far he appears to have made a good start. He has drawn into the government eight men who were active in the resistance movement and seems to be making room for a few of the pre-war democratic leaders who symbolize the best of the Third Republic. The name of Jules Jeanneney is significant of this intention. By far the most encouraging change reported—it is not yet officially confirmed—is the dismissal of René Massigli from the post of Foreign Minister and the appointment in his place of Georges Bidault, the young left-wing Catholic leader, who has been president of the Council of Resistance. His selection for the top place in the De Gaulle cabinet should go a long way to satisfy the legitimate demands of the men and women who have fought the anti-Nazi battle inside France. Meanwhile, a few foreign journalists, for instance Karl H. von Wiegand in the New York *Journal-American*, are busy drawing pictures of terror and incipient civil war. This sort of talk is being echoed in the editorial columns of the reactionary press. Actually, responsible American reporters have been astonished at the restraint shown by both the government and the people after four years of German-Vichy rule. Talk of terror is nothing more than a new version of the vicious anti-Gaullism that poisoned American relations with Free France in the months before the invasion.

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THAT THE GERMAN UNDERGROUND FACES much graver obstacles to effective action than any other movement of resistance must be admitted. But on the other hand it is equally true that its zero hour is striking now at the very moment when the Allied armies are fighting on German soil. No one will seriously dispute the existence of anti-Nazi sentiment in Germany. But sentiment cannot be equated with physical resistance, and until now nothing has happened in Germany that can be remotely compared with the activities of the *Maquis*. It is true that within the Reich the Gestapo is in a better position to suppress any resistance activity than outside Germany. But the Nazis in Slovakia these days are not treating the underground with particular indulgence; and yet uprisings, not merely among civilians but in the Slovak military garrisons, have spread like wildfire. There is something that the underground can do: promote mass desertions. As Argus points out in his column, the menace of the S. S. and the Gestapo may prevent many things, but it should not prevent the lower ranks of the army—the common soldiers and petty officers—from surrendering if they really want to. A movement arising out of such actions, a collapse of the Nazi regime due to the refusal of the German people to commit mass suicide, will not be the democratic German revolution anti-Nazi Germans and other anti-fascists have been hoping for. But, as the exiled German socialist leader

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Paul Sering points out correctly, "it would be a first coming together of masses of Germans against Nazism in action, an active contribution to its destruction, a beginning of its political defeat by Germans as distinct from the strictly military defeat at the hands of the Allies."

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IMPERIALISTS OF THE WORLD, UNITE! AT HIS press conference in London just before leaving for Holland, the Dutch Prime Minister, Pietr Gerbrandy, stated that as soon as possible after hostilities ceased the Dutch people and the residents of the Dutch East Indies would be asked whether the Dutch empire should receive a greater measure of self-government. Whereupon Brendan Bracken, British Minister of Information, who was present at the interview, urged the Dutch "not to relinquish any portion of their far-flung territories after the war." In other words, don't liquidate the empire. Brendan Bracken, former private secretary to Winston Churchill and still Churchill's close friend, wants company for the British Empire. The liquidation of the Dutch empire might amount to pressure on Britain to give freedom to India or Burma and start a whole wave of liquidation. In the same spirit, Mr. Amery, now British Secretary of State for India, once advised a tolerant attitude toward Japanese expansion in China. "Our whole policy in India," Amery said in the House of Commons, "our whole policy in Egypt stands condemned if we condemn Japan." Imperialists understand one another. It is to promote such understanding on the part of Americans that many British imperialists would welcome an American empire in the Pacific, provided, of course, it did not tread on British toes.

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NOW THAT MR. HULL HAS BRANDED Argentina as the fascist headquarters of the American hemisphere, we can claim that our insistent warnings have been fully justified. One after another, competent observers, including many Latin Americans, have told our readers the story of fascist penetration in the various South American republics. It must have been unbelievable to many people who have not realized the true character of fascism that so insolent an offensive could be launched at the very peak of Allied power. And yet the fact remains that in the autumn of 1944 we face a worse situation in Latin America than we did three years ago. Someone must have been working pretty fast and well, and if his record in Spain does not prove Franco a good organizer, it must be admitted that he has very efficiently contributed to the growth and power of Latin American fascism. The writers who for three years in these columns, have been denouncing the state of affairs now officially admitted by Secretary Hull have been unanimous in pointing to the Spanish Falange as the chief instrument of fascist penetration. That was also what Representative Coffee of Washington concluded in his speeches in the House on February 24 and June 19, when he asked that diplomatic relations with Spain be ended. Mr. Coffee cited numerous examples of Franco's hostility to the United Nations and of his complicity in Latin American fascist intrigue. We can now mention in addition the great quantity of Nazi money that is pouring into Argentina, assigned to Spanish banks and erstwhile residents of Spain.

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ALTHOUGH CHINA'S ECONOMIC, POLITICAL, and military situation remains grave, recent dispatches give some ground for hope that a turn for the better may soon be evident. In his speech before the People's Political Council Chiang Kai-shek reported that bumper crops had restored economic stability. True, no progress has been reported in the protracted negotiations at Chungking between the central government and Communist representatives. Nor is there any indication that the physical blockade that has been maintained against the Communists in the Northwest for the past four years has in any way been lifted. But the arrival of an American military mission at Yenan close on the heels of the first group of Anglo-American newspapermen to visit the Communist area suggests a weakening in the political blockade. Similarly, the removal of General Sheng Shih-tai as governor of Sinkiang may be regarded as an effort to improve Chinese-Soviet relations. On top of this, Sun Fo, president of the Legislative Yuan and son of Dr. Sun Yat-sen, has delivered another courageous speech, declaring that "Chinese politics cannot be divorced from the main current of international thinking, which is toward democracy and liberalism." Although Sun Fo's speeches are not permitted to be circulated in China, it is said that news of them quickly gets around and that they have had a profound effect on public opinion. If the United States and Great Britain had a clear-cut policy for supporting the rising democratic elements within China, it is quite possible that Chiang Kai-shek might find the courage to oust the fascist, pro-Japanese clique that is responsible for the recent totalitarian trend in Chungking.

Business and Taxes

OF THE various post-war tax plans suggested by business men or business groups, the recommendations of the research committee of the Committee for Economic Development are most deserving of close study. The C. E. D. is exclusively a business group, and naturally it advocates a program which it believes will be helpful to business. But, unlike most recent tax proposals put out by business men's organizations, its announced primary objective is not the promotion of "free enterprise" or more profits but maximum employment. The plan recognizes the threat to the nation as a whole in large-scale unemployment and the necessity for main-

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taining a high level of buying power among the masses if business is to prosper. The program is also noteworthy because it is based on a scholarly and objective survey of the whole federal tax problem by Professor Harold Groves of the University of Wisconsin and differs only slightly from his recommendations.

The sincerity and intelligence of the C. E. D. plan are shown, for example, in its forthright rejection of sales taxes on the ground that they impose a "clear inequity" upon "all low-income taxpayers, for they would have to pay a disproportionate share of their income in taxes." For similar reasons the C. E. D. would repeal all federal excise taxes except those on liquor, tobacco, and perhaps gasoline, and would eliminate the victory tax, which now falls predominantly on those with low incomes. These changes—which were also recommended recently in the Ruml and Sonne plan issued by the National Planning Association—would not only remove the chief regressive aspects of our present federal tax system (apart from the social-security taxes) but would provide a cushion against post-war depression by assuring a higher level of buying power for that part of the population whose buying habits are most sensitive to unemployment and cyclic changes.

While affording this relief to low-income groups, the C. E. D. plan treads on more questionable ground in proposing the elimination of all corporate taxes except a single flat tax corresponding to the basic normal tax on individual incomes, and in urging that the money received by individuals in dividends be exempt from the normal tax. This is a modification of the familiar business plea that corporations be freed from the income tax so as to encourage private investment in new enterprises. Messrs. Ruml and Sonne urged the complete abolition of federal income taxes on corporations, and the so-called "Twin Cities Plan," prepared by industrialists and financiers from Minneapolis and St. Paul, advocated a two-thirds reduction in the corporate load. The claim that the corporation tax hinders production by discouraging risky investments will not bear too close examination. It must be remembered that the tax falls only on *profits*. Men may hesitate to start new business enterprises because of fear of loss, but they will hardly abandon an enterprise that shows promise of profits because half, or less, of the profits will be absorbed in taxation. The real objection to the corporate income tax is that it is a flat levy which cannot be adjusted in accordance with the stockholder's capacity to pay. Thus the millionaire stockholder pays no more, proportionately, on the taxed portion of the corporation's earnings than the worker with one or two shares obtained through a company pay-deduction scheme. Despite this limitation, the corporation tax is not one which should be lightly cast aside. From the point of view of the Treasury it has two great advantages: (1) it costs little to collect; and (2) it cannot easily be dodged. These advantages are probably important enough to warrant retention of the corporation tax as an integral part of our tax structure.

Reduction of the tax on corporations and elimination of the normal tax on dividends would be unwise for still another reason. Studies of the causes of the world depression beginning in 1929 by Keynes and other leading economists have indicated that oversaving by American business corporations was one of the principal causes of the crisis. This tendency was encouraged by the fact that wealthy stockholders frequently preferred to leave their earnings undistributed in the corporation treasury rather than pay a high surtax on dividends. The C. E. D. plan would tend to accentuate the pressure to withhold dividends, because earnings would be larger, thus threatening to force the individual stockholder's tax into still higher brackets. A high corporation tax, on the other hand, forces a large part of the nation's business earnings back into circulation and thereby aids directly in supporting employment and business activity.

The C. E. D. has performed a useful service in emphasizing tax revision as a prerequisite to successful planning for full employment. Its plan is in many respects far more satisfactory than our present system of taxation, which rests so heavily on the low-income groups. But like all business plans, it assumes that the primary function of our fiscal system, apart from raising needed revenues, is the encouragement of private enterprise. That is a natural assumption for a business group, but, as experience in the 1920's should have shown us, it is an extremely dangerous assumption upon which to base governmental policy.

How to Keep the Peace

BY FREDA KIRCHWEY

WHILE the world is still in the process of being destroyed, a new world is being built. At Quebec, at Dumbarton Oaks, in London, the representatives of the great powers are busy piecing together the Europe that lies just the other side of liberation—close now, threateningly close when you think how little has been decided and what great gaps of disagreement remain. A new world is being built and from this angle the view one gets of it is disappointing. Of course one can't tell how the finished structure will look, but its beginnings are awkward, top-heavy.

Perhaps the best hope rests in the fact that Britain and Russia and the United States are working on the job together, struggling toward arrangements which will be satisfactory at least to them. And that is a fact not to be despised, since nothing at all can be accomplished if this primary union of purpose is not achieved.

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Perhaps the worst danger lies in the fact that the smaller nations are not in on the plans at all, even though they are the constituent parts of the new Europe that is being built. The three major powers—plus China—are doing the planning, with results that are exactly what you would expect. They will make the terms on which the war will end; they will set up the structure on which the peace will rest; and they will have the sole right and duty to put down threats to that peace made by any other states, large or small. The only powers that may commit aggressions are themselves.

This is discouraging. The one prospect of peace offered by Louis Fischer, in his able discussion of the Dumbarton Oaks conference elsewhere in this issue, lies in a world-wide effort to revise the new power system during the next decade or so, while the world is still recovering from this war and hasn't seriously begun getting ready for the next. Mr. Fischer has no faith at all that the big nations, each dominating its own sphere of interest, are going to maintain peace in the longer future, and history certainly supports his skepticism. But an even more discouraging aspect of the emerging plans is that, bad as they are, they are not bad enough to suit a considerable number of United States Senators. Whether they will be still worse—more lacking in teeth, more tender of national sovereignty—by the time they are completed and acceptable to two-thirds of the Senate, no one can say. But it almost seems a waste of time to worry over the manifold faults of the plans now under discussion, when you know that it will take all the mighty powers of persuasion wielded by the President and Secretary Hull to get the Senate to accept *any* agreement which obliges the United States to act upon the decision of an international council—even when our representative on the council has a veto. One's inclination is to say: Better let bad enough alone; if we oppose these plans or try to improve them, we won't get anything. For liberals have at least learned one lesson since 1919: The alternative to an unsatisfactory international order is not generally a satisfactory international order; it is uncontrolled power politics, international anarchy, and everything thrown into the lap of the nation with the fiercest appetite and the most brutal arrogance.

No doubt the big-power system will, after exhaustion is past, keep the peace only as long as the big powers want it kept. Its virtue is that it is a system. A corrupt police force is better than no police force. A reactionary government is better than no government. Citizens can force a clean-up or throw out an administration. It is important that people accept the fact that international government and policing of the peace are both essential. Once that is accomplished, once a sense of responsibility and participation is established, the chance of making something decent out of the new league of nations will be better. Popular support of the plans being drawn by the big powers must rest on the modest belief that something is better than nothing.

But my own hopes for the future are not really bound up in plans, good or bad. Like most people, I have little faith in organizations as such. The one thing I feel sure of is that no organization will be any more effective than its chief members want it to be. Even if the new structure were to be replanned according to my private specifications, I should expect little of it until I saw a new set of men in power and a new set of policies in effect. For it is leaders and policies that will determine the world of day after tomorrow.

I could talk about Britain or Russia. I'd rather talk about America. No statesman in the United Nations wants a peaceful world more than Franklin D. Roosevelt does. I am sure of that. He hates war and he wants to have a hand in building a lasting peace. Certainly he is more likely to make an honest try at it than Dewey, in spite of the Republican candidate's recent support of international cooperation. Dewey's record is too ambiguous, his position too shifting, his advisers too questionable, his backing too heavily charged with isolationist elements. The President is committed by act as well as word to American participation in keeping the peace. But when he makes Robert Murphy chief adviser—with the rank of ambassador—to General Eisenhower on policy toward Germany and when he puts Samuel Reber in charge of relations with France, then I know that his Administration has not shaken off the illusions that controlled its policy during the years of pre-war appeasement and have dominated its political strategy ever since.

The illusion that peace is secured by propping up reactionary governments threatens the success of a new world order far more than any form that order may take. As long as the United States connives with Britain to crush the democratic forces in Greece so that Greece can be used as a British appendage; as long as the revolutionary elements in Italy are disarmed and repressed so that British and American business interests can be reassured; as long as Franco continues to win American support while he conducts Hitler's affairs in Latin America; as long as the problems of European settlement are discussed by American agents in the sound-proof confines of the Vatican—as long as all this goes on it doesn't really make much difference what happens at Dumbarton Oaks or in London or Quebec.

The United States would do more for peace by calling off its Rebers and Murphys and backing the democrats of liberated Europe than by fabricating the best league of nations ever dreamed of. And a decent league would follow. I hope American liberals will believe this. Let us accept whatever world organization the various confer-

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ences manage to agree upon, let us accept it and try if possible to improve it. But let us also realize that it is the cart, not the horse. The horse is a democratic foreign policy, a policy designed to oust forever the gang of fascists and their hangers-on who ran Europe before 1939, who are responsible for the slaughter and horror that have followed, and who are well represented still in the governments and groups with which we do business. The cart will move along better if the horse is hitched up in front of it.

The War Fronts

BY CHARLES G. BOLTE

LAST week I reported on the new phrase that Radio Tokyo has found to excuse the absence of the Japanese fleet from the Pacific—"basic sea area," which means the seas along the eastern coast of Asia, inside the great chain of islands which includes Japan and the Philippines. I pointed out that the Allies now have a tremendous superiority at sea and good springboards (Saipan, Guam, Tinian) for further advances, but warned that the Japanese air force was being husbanded for further action and that the bulk of the Japanese army still stands behind the reluctant Japanese navy. Japan's strategy of defeat and Allied opportunities for hastening that defeat require further treatment—which I propose to present as a modest reminder that, despite imminent victory in Europe, half the global war is still to be won.

I said that the inaction of the Japanese fleet in Japanese home waters on the Pacific side is inexcusable—in Western eyes. In Japanese eyes it is not only excusable but desirable, as Alexander Kiralfy demonstrates in his discussion of Japanese Naval Strategy, one of the most remarkable chapters in that excellent book "Makers of Modern Strategy" (Princeton University Press). As early as the sixth century B. C., Kiralfy says, "the Japanese became impressed with the concept of a vessel as a means of transport rather than of fighting." Japanese naval theory is based on the transport fleet and the protective squadron, the latter supposed not to destroy the enemy's ships but rather to guard the troopships as they carry men to establish a beachhead—a term which appears in Japanese history as early as 1597. Strategically, therefore, the aim was "to inflict only that amount of damage which could be counted upon to keep an enemy away from 'troopship' waters." The ideal was never the Nelsonian one of annihilating the enemy fleet, but to derange its *plans,* in the most economical fashion—"The Japanese fleet was a dynamic barrier rather than a javelin."

Hence the eagerness to avoid fleet action ever since Midway, where the increasing American naval strength was demonstrated. "Calculated risk," dear to Anglo-American seamen, has no place in the Japanese admiral's textbook. Rather the fleet is to be kept in check until the enemy threatens "troopship waters"—which are obviously those encompassed in the "basic sea area"—and vital land operations—which are obviously those in the "defensive triangle" of the home islands, China, and Manchuria.

This is the area where Japan lives, a fortress triangle of land-based military positions. The new Premier, Koiso, is a general, a land-power man, and long an advocate of the theory that Japan's real future lies in this triangle. If anyone is capable of leading continued resistance on the mainland after an invasion of the home islands, he is the man. That is a possibility not altogether to be dismissed: Manchuria's war industries have been intensively developed; it is the base of the Kwangtung Army, which contains the most and the best Japanese divisions; and the drive to split China in two and clean up the coastal area is making fairly good progress.

The Emperor and the Premier have told the rubber-stamp Diet that Japan faces a grave crisis, in which "the life or death of the Yamato race is at stake." The new total mobilization, labor service, and "expansion and perfection of our fighting power" are being put into effect vigorously to meet this crisis; and the present Cabinet is a strong coalition, involving the industrialists with the militarists in such a way as to produce the greatest possible unity of will and effort of production at home. It is difficult to estimate what effect future reverses will have on the home front; already there are certain signs of unrest in the Cabinet shift and the juggling of prefectural authorities, who play the chief role in police work and similar local concerns. Quite probably further Allied successes will bring further Cabinet changes; but this total mobilization is serious, and it would be unwise to count on crippling breaks in home-front morale. Japan is losing its war, but it is only just where Germany was after Stalingrad and Alamein, and still a long way from defeat.

"A long way" does not necessarily mean, however, even the two years which Germany has lasted since Alamein. Allied power in the Pacific is increasing relatively faster than it did in Europe. The disappearance of

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Japanese air power in outlying regions indicates a build-up of strength for an all-out battle on a new line—presumably the Philippines, to begin with. At the same time, as Secretary Forrestal has now made public, the Japanese have improved the quality of their aircraft; so that "a long and hard" fight lies ahead. The tremendous reorganization of the enemy's aircraft industry includes experiments on engines of 2,500 horse-power, multi-gunned cannon and machine-gun turrets, self-sealing fuel tanks, and improved armor. But it seems doubtful that these improved models can be brought into full production in time to achieve decisive results. Moreover, the already precarious shipping situation between the Indies and Japan has been worsened by close-in air and submarine attack; this has resulted in a worsening in the air situation, for planes are being diverted to convoy shipping. All in all, Japan faces the race for time that Germany has already lost: it must consolidate the "basic sea area" and the "defensive triangle" before the end of the European war releases unprecedented masses of ships, planes, guns, and tanks against the shrinking empire.

Finally, there is the human element, expressed to me in a recent letter from a United States naval lieutenant: "The reason we beat the Japanese out here is not because we have more or better ships or planes or guns; it's because we have more courage, daring, and imagination. Also, we're a lot crazier than the Japanese, and most of us are anxious to get home."

The Big-Power Peace

BY LOUIS FISCHER

FOR eight or ten or twelve years after the end of this war there will be no major war because no country will have the physical and moral strength to launch another world conflict. This is a safe assumption; it is a basic consideration in any discussion of the peace. By the time Germany and Japan are defeated, they will have been seriously weakened by the destruction of their industries, communications, and man-power. In fact, that is why they will be defeated. Later, Allied occupation and control as well as punitive measures will further reduce if they do not completely destroy Germany's and Japan's ability to make war.

To prevent German and Japanese aggression in the future is the first task of the peace settlement. Because of the undermining of German and Japanese might and the overwhelming power of the victorious nations, it is certain also to be the easiest task. Far more complicated, and of course no less important, is the business of removing the fundamental causes of war and organizing the world for prolonged peace and prosperity. The Dumbarton Oaks conference and various United Nations commissions have been nibbling at this great problem.

Dumbarton Oaks has served the extremely valuable purpose of revealing the basic ideas of the participating governments on future peace arrangements. In view of this clarification the complaints about the secrecy enveloping the conference are not only obviously partisan but stupid. The little reporter may regret his inability to attend sessions where diplomats haggle, bargain, and weigh the words of a document. But to the observer of the political scene the Dumbarton Oaks meeting has been a godsend; now, at last, we know what we previously suspected.

One fact that emerges from Dumbarton Oaks is more significant than anything that has emerged from any other conference or official statement about the peace settlement: in the New York *Times* of August 23 James B. Reston wired from Washington that he had "obtained from an unimpeachable source the following digest of the three plans" which the American, British, and Soviet governments submitted to the Dumbarton Oaks meeting. Reston's dispatch actually quoted from the texts of the official plans. "The American plan," Reston wrote," stipulates that in order to use force to prevent aggression, the four permanent members (the United States, Russia, China, and Great Britain) must vote for it unanimously." Further, "Like the British and American plans, the Russian vests the power to prevent and repel aggression in a World Council dominated by the great powers, each with a veto power." Mr. Reston repeated these statements in subsequent dispatches, and they have been confirmed by others. For instance, Senator Connally, chairman of the Committee on Foreign Relations, declared on September 5 on the floor of the Senate that "under the American plan the United States delegate to the proposed League Council would always be able to veto any proposal to use force against an aggressor."

What does this mean? It means, unmistakably, that the new world organization could not stop the aggression of its own leading big members. For if the United States, say, committed an act of aggression it would veto measures against itself; and similarly, Great Britain, or Russia, or China—or France if admitted later as a great power—could prevent the use of force against itself if it attacked another country.

Only the Chinese plan suggests that "a party to a dis-

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pute, whether or not a permanent member of the council, shall have no right to vote in any decision relating to the dispute" (New York *Times*, August 31). But this deviation was put down to Chinese ignorance of Western civilization.

In other words, the new world organization would probably be in a position to prevent aggression by the defeated Axis powers—unless one great power vetoed measures even against such aggression—but could in no event interfere with American, British, Russian, or Chinese aggression. Walter Lippmann, who has made himself the spokesman of every reactionary proposal for the future peace settlement, openly urges such a limitation. In his *Herald Tribune* column of June 3 last he said, "In the charter of the new league open to all peace-loving states we need not and should not incorporate any commitment to use military force. We should base the new league not on the principle of enforcing world peace but on the principle of continual consultation." And what about Germany and Japan? The pledge to use force against them should be embodied in separate "treaties, by which, for the period of their probation, we settle with Germany in Europe and with Japan in Asia."

The post-war plans of the big three show clearly that the peace settlement on which the governments are laboring is designed not as a system to end aggression and war for all time, and not as a structure to solve world problems, but rather as a scheme for dealing with the vanquished. This is necessary, but it is woefully inadequate.

In granting the big four—actually only the big three, since China's admission to the exalted company is nothing more than a polite gesture—freedom to engage in aggression, these plans merely recognize existing conditions. Suppose the United States attacked Mexico or Peru or Argentina. Russia and England would not have the military means of coping with such a situation. Suppose Russia violated the territory of Rumania or Poland or Czechoslovakia. How soon and how effectively could England or America intervene? Who could stop Britain from seizing Abyssinia or Tunis?

After the elimination of Germany, Japan, Italy, and France as effective great powers, Russia, America, and the British Empire, with their enormous industrial and man-power resources, will each automatically become the arbiter of a large area beyond their frontiers. The new world organization hatched at Dumbarton Oaks and elsewhere will legalize the supremacy of each big power in its sphere. The American plan, according to Mr. Reston, "proposes that whenever possible the forces of each country shall be used in its natural region. Thus if a Balkan state committed an act of aggression or appeared to be ready to do so and the World Council decided to take action against it to prevent or repel that aggression, the security league council under the American plan would 'direct,' say, Russia, to use the stipulated quota of its army and air force against the potential aggressor. Similarly, always provided the United States representative on the council had not exercised his veto power, the council could, if aggression took place, say, in Cuba, or somewhere in the Pacific, direct the United States to apply a certain amount of its army or air force against that aggressor." Here Mr. Reston once more emphasized that the official source of his information had "seen and studied" the American and other plans.

Interestingly enough, the idea of the regional use of the armed forces of the big three is likewise found in an article in the Leningrad *Star* of recent date. This article, some seven thousand words long and signed by M. Malinin, was wired to the State Department in Washington, which multigraphed and distributed it in this country. It is a close forecast and justification of the Russian plan that was laid before the Dumbarton Oaks meeting.

"The responsibility for guarding the peace," writes Malinin, "must not be divided among sixty or more states, must not be intrusted to an impersonal organization, but must rest upon those few big states which have the real force necessary for this purpose. . . . We would consider it very important that the great powers take upon themselves appropriate obligations regarding active participation in the struggle with aggression not merely on the basis of such declarative pacts but also on the basis of treaties concluded with one another. [Page Walter Lippmann.—L. F.] In these treaties there must be defined as precisely as possible the role of each power in extinguishing this or that center of aggression. This role, of course, will not be the same for each power, and will depend on a number of political, geographic, and strategic conditions." This is a definite plea for the demarcation of three spheres, in each of which the military strength of one of the three big powers will be paramount and the political influence of that power, therefore, decisive.

What we are coming to is peace through dictatorship. According to the present streamlined "design," Russia will be the dictator in one large region of the earth, Britain the mistress of another, and America the colossus astride a third. (Simultaneously, of course, lip service will be paid to internationalism, and there will even be an international organization with a world court and an assembly of sixty or seventy big and small nations.) Great powers which wish to intervene in the domestic affairs of small nations in their respective spheres will at first meet little opposition. Already the tendency is toward big-power intervention to shape the policies and the personnel of the governments of lesser states. The independence of small nations after this war will depend on the benevolence of the big nations. Some countries will be independent in name and colonies in fact.

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This was not always true. A greater number of nations used to be strong enough to resist outside interference in their internal affairs, and, besides, they could hope for aid from friends and neighbors. But with the de facto recognition of spheres of influence, which in turn translates into political terms the three-power cartel of war-making power, small aggrieved nations will have no means of redress. The monopolistic concentration of strength achieves the same results in the political as in the business field—it crushes the little fellow.

This is why I do not believe that any mechanism or international organization that will now be set up can advance the cause of maintaining peace. It may gather labor statistics and worry about opium traffic and codify laws, but it cannot lay the foundation of lasting peace. So let the big three make their treaties to sit on Germany and Japan, and, for the rest, nothing will be lost if the world peace society or league now contemplated is never born. It would merely be dust in the eyes of the common people of the world. Good folks everywhere would put their trust in it and think, wrongly, that humanity was making progress toward the organization of peace and economic well-being.

Some will argue that we should take what little there is in the new league and try to add to it. I see it differently: even if there is no league, maybe even if there were no treaties to keep down the Axis enemy states, there would be no war for ten years after the end of this one. This interval of peace through exhaustion will be the most decisive in world history; in this period the peace will be won or lost. During this period true democrats and internationalists in all countries must carry on a tremendous fight to create the kind of changed world in which alone there can be peace. It will be a great crusade, a crusade to save the peace. We are entering upon a bleak phase of history, but it will be brightened by rumblings of popular dissatisfaction and then open protests against the peace through dictatorship that is now crystallizing. Asia and Europe surely, and perhaps Latin America and Africa too, will not long remain passive under the new world regime. The function of free men everywhere will be to guide, organize, and otherwise aid the inevitable world revulsion against the lost peace. A peace though lost can still be won.

The beginning of this struggle must be an unwavering realization that the statesmen of the great victors have again, as in 1919, muffed the opportunity. The League of Nations, the Locarno treaties, the Kellogg Pact, and similar instruments created the illusion of successful steps toward the bolstering of peace. Let us, at least, have no illusions this time.

The new league will probably be established, and the United States will probably join it. But it will simply be camouflage for a spheres-of-influence peace. The real battle for the peace begins when the diplomats finish.

In the Wind

EVERYTHING, IT SEEMS, is a New Deal plot—even the Russo-Polish boundary dispute. Now that the Poles are beginning to make concessions, *Barron's* recalls that it "reported weeks ago that before election Joe [Stalin] might do something in a big way to help elect his friend Franklin. Already there seems real hope of a Polish settlement which may assuage the anger of the normally Democratic 'Polish vote' in several key states." That—wobbly syntax and all—is the sort of stuff our responsible business leaders read.

THE UNITED STATES OFFICE OF EDUCATION reports that high-school enrolments have dropped more than 300,000 every school year since the beginning of the war, and the rate of decline is becoming greater.

IN A STUDY OF ST. LOUIS, Missouri, as a possible place to locate post-war industries, the *Wall Street Journal* says this: "Factory labor is employed in the majority of cases on an open-shop basis. . . . Wage scales are not quite as high as in most industrial centers because of the normal plentiful supply of workers."

THE LONDON *New Statesman and Nation* reports that Lieutenant Colonel G. R. Gayre is being seriously considered for the post of chief education officer in the British Civil Administration of occupied Germany. In his recent book, "Teuton and Slav on the Polish Frontier," Colonel Gayre speaks highly of "German racial science" and discusses post-war problems entirely in terms of race.

NOW THAT WESTBROOK PEGLER'S column has been dropped by Scripps-Howard and picked up by Hearst, the San Francisco branch of the National Maritime Union has voted to secure a berth in the merchant marine for any Hearst editor who resigns in protest.

THIS LETTER from a soldier appeared not in a radical magazine but in *Time:* "Hollywood has manufactured a series of war pictures that makes soldiers overseas practically retch, and causes even entertainment-hungry troops to file out of movies before a picture ends."

FESTUNG EUROPA: Two interesting items from Belgium have come in this week, but we must pass them up, since it is quite likely that Belgium will have ceased to be a part of Festung Europa by the time this issue reaches its readers. We look forward to the day when this weekly paragraph will have to be dropped entirely. . . . In Oslo, a city of 250,000 people, there are now only four filling stations, and they are reserved for the Nazis and for "privileged persons." . . . The Norwegian underground has discovered what the Nazis' next secret weapon will be: "A large white flag on a long stick."

[We invite our readers to submit material for In the Wind —either clippings with source and date or stories that can be clearly authenticated. A prize of $5 will be awarded each month for the best item.—EDITORS THE NATION.]

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Free Spain Fights On

BY J. ALVAREZ DEL VAYO

I

IT IS not rhetorical license to speak of the Spanish Republic in Exile. Considering itself only temporarily defeated, the Republic went into exile at the end of the Spanish War. It went *en masse,* and that fact alone would distinguish the Spanish from any other political emigration.

When, in February, 1939, Germany and Italy, enjoying the advantages which the betrayal of Munich had given them, poured war material and men into Spain in sufficient quantities to smash the Catalonian front, everyone on the Loyalist side who could reach the border left Spain for France. This exodus was not like others, which have included only persons who were politically responsible or directly exposed to the danger of reprisal. This was a people's expression of its hate for fascism, a supreme gesture of repudiation. People left Spain who had not participated directly in the fight, who had not intervened in politics. But they all had a clearer idea of what was happening in Europe than many statesmen, experts in foreign affairs, or distinguished writers and commentators, who began to know the truth only a year or two later. Mingling with the retreating armies, complicating the job of the military commanders, hundreds of thousands of people poured into France—there to be interned by a reactionary French government.

And not in numbers alone has the Spanish emigration differed from others. Together with that great mass of people, every organized element of Republican political life—parties and workers' organizations—evacuated the country. Of course, a formidable number of Republicans remained, men and women whose spirit has never once broken during five years of terror and oppression, whose daily behavior since March, 1939, is the surest proof of the unreality, the ephemeral nature, of Franco's victory. Here is a people eminently Republican, democratic, pro-Allied.

Every concentration camp in France became, in its way, a continuation of the battle in Spain. Nine out of ten French officers in charge of those camps were enemies of "Red Spain"; they could never understand how the "wretched Spaniards," emaciated by hunger, wrapped in rags, with the mark of three years of terrible strain upon their bodies and faces, could continue to be so firm and so proud—and so determined not to allow the hostility of the French fascists to wear them down. The situation in the French camps became a great international scandal, but it did not succeed in defeating the Spanish exiles. In Paris, after the outbreak of the war, during the autumn of 1939 and the winter of 1940, when the examination of foreigners became very severe, the Minister of the Interior, Albert Sarraut, rather sympathetic to the Spanish Republicans, amused himself by telling the following story: "The police come into a Parisian cafe. At most of the tables the people at once become silent and frightened. They are refugees of various nationalities. The police approach them, and ask for their papers. Their papers are in perfect order. At a table in one corner there is a crowd of young men, shouting, discussing, eating, paying not the slightest attention to the police. The police come to their table, ask for their papers. Not one has papers that are in order. It is hardly necessary to say that these are Spaniards."

Every Spanish exile, in or out of a concentration camp, felt that he had fulfilled his duty to the cause of freedom, and he could not understand why a nation fighting the same enemy he had fought for three years should regard him as a suspicious character. This bewilderment increased as the battle went on. The greatest ambition of the Spanish refugee in France was to join in the fight against fascism. The fact that they had been treated in the most unconscionable way in the country of the Rights of Man did not lessen their desire. But the French administration took a different view. When a Spanish Republican—aviator, technician, or simple soldier—went to a French draft bureau to offer his services, he was lucky if he was merely thrown out into the street; in general, he risked capture and shipment to a concentration camp.

And that was the case not only in France. Without concentration camps, with better manners, the other democratic countries treated the Spanish exiles as a dangerous and unwelcome lot. Even today, in September, 1944, on the eve of victory in Europe, every Spanish Republican in England or America finds tremendous obstacles impeding his movements and the performance of his duty toward his country. During the course of years the need for personnel with a knowledge of Spanish has become increasingly pressing, and a certain number of Spanish Republicans have gone into the war agencies of the United Nations. Throwing aside any feeling of resentment, they soon gave evidence of their enthusiasm and their loyalty to the Allied cause.

Not only when they were given an opportunity to prove their sentiments, but even when every means was denied them, the Spanish Republicans continued to serve the Allies. It did not seriously worry Martínez, one of

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my assistants in the General Commissariat of War, when Allied officials were too slow in providing him with the papers he required to move from one country to another. He found the way out of all bureaucratic difficulties by compressing his personal effects into the compass of a water-proof belt of his own creation. Then he had only to wait for a dark night to swim across the broad river which separated one country from another. "And yet," he swore in Spanish, "the bastards will get me one day and shoot me as a spy." He was referring to the Allies. The possibility of being shot by the Fascists was too commonplace to be worth mention.

In Latin America every Spanish refugee has become an Allied propagandist fighting unceasingly against the Falange, as any truly democratic representative of the United States, like Claude G. Bowers, the ambassador in Chile, can testify.

That the Spanish Republicans were looked upon as "reds," Communists, undesirables, by many of the Allied authorities when they dared ask a consulate for a pass which would allow them to attend a meeting of Spanish Republicans in another country has neither dampened their feelings nor affected their dignity. They have not complained either in private or in public. I don't think that during these four years the New York *Times* has once found it necessary to decide whether or not to print a letter of complaint from a Spanish Republican. They have blinked at every kind of unfair , inaccurate, or tendencious report.

Even though they do not harbor any ill-feeling against the democracies which let the Spanish Republic down, it is easy to understand that the political émigrés have an especially warm regard for the Spanish-speaking American countries which have accepted them in great numbers. Particularly for Mexico. It is not only gratitude for material things. It is not only that in Mexico they have been able to live the life of dignified, free human beings once again. It is that in Mexico they have not heard a voice like Churchill's lauding the regime which was Hitler's ally until the imminent approach of his defeat. Nor an Archbishop Spellman, who found it possible to reconcile his Christian feelings with admiration for the dictator who has been a brutal Spanish disciple of Himmler. In Mexico, on the contrary, the highest dignitary of the state, President Avila Camacho, considered it his privilege to come before the greatest gathering of Spanish Republicans ever held in the Mexican capital and to say: "I have come here today to tell you that the Axis aggression began in Spain and that you are the only Spain that Mexico recognizes and loves."

II

From the beginning of the Spanish War it was perfectly clear to the Loyalists that they were battling for the survival of the democratic world. Therefore, after the war against the Axis in Spain became a world war, as it had to become if the Republic was defeated, Spanish refugees and anti-fascists inside Spain continued to be part of one fighting front.

All this is today not history but a matter of supreme political significance for the correct understanding of Spanish developments, present and future. The fact that the battle is still the same and that the people who have fought in exile and inside Spain were members of the same Republican army excludes any possibility of real conflict between Spanish Republicans in exile and the movement of resistance within the country. No exiled leader who is truly a leader of his people can believe that what anti-fascists inside Spain may do and think is of secondary importance. That would be patently ridiculous. On the other hand, no serious Republican fighter in Spain will pretend that he and his comrades are the only ones who can take leadership in the reconstruction, or that the exile parties and organizations of the Republic, to which they belong and from which they came, are merely refugee groups carrying no particular weight. It is the exact coincidence of the political structure and aims of the Spanish Republic in Exile and the internal movement of resistance that gives strength to the Republican cause.

If there have been political differences and disputes, they have been among the refugees themselves. The importance of these differences has been greatly exaggerated, to the distress of our friends and the joy of our enemies. But less has been heard or written about the considerable current of constructive thought and discussion which has occupied the Spanish emigration.

Out of that discussion has grown a clear image of the post-war Spain which the majority of the Spanish refugees envisage—a Spain which, by its national policy as well as by its position in international affairs, will justify the hopes which plain men everywhere placed in it during its epic struggle. Even among moderate Republican groups it would be difficult to find anyone who does not accept the inevitability of a new social structure in Spain. Most Spanish refugees believe that a radical and rapid transformation of the forms of land ownership is indispensable; they are against cartels; they are for labor; they are for collective control of basic services and resources. They believe, in one word, that politically, socially, and economically the republic of 1945 must be much more progressive than the republic of 1931.

In the domain of foreign affairs the majority of the Spanish refugees favor a world organization which will really secure a democratic peace. They are determined to speak for the rights of the peoples with the same frankness with which the Spanish Republic spoke at Geneva, when we incurred the displeasure of the great powers, whose policy of capitulation to the aggressors we considered fatal. The Spanish refugees would support any working system of world federation, but until such a project is realized, they see Spain, within the community

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of the United Nations, working closely with the other Latin countries—France, Italy, Portugal—and with the Ibero-American republics, which Republican Spain considers its natural allies. Here is a kind of Hispanic Americanism which is the exact antithesis to the pro-fascist *Hispanidad* of Franco and which flows naturally from the extraordinary feeling of kinship awakened by the Spanish War. Nowhere was the Loyalist cause more popular than among the peoples of Latin America. Nowhere is it more popular today; and the United Nations, particularly the United States, should keep that in mind, for the Spanish Republic will play an important role in the years to come in the democratic development of that part of the Western Hemisphere.

As far as Russia is concerned, the large majority of the refugees have resented bitterly the anti-Russian outbursts of a certain small minority. They are in full accord with Dr. Negrín's position that only one great state, with which Spain had not even normal diplomatic relations when the war started, knew how to honor its international engagements and to maintain intact the principle of collective security on which its foreign policy was based: the Soviet Union.

It is all very well, now that the war is nearly won, to claim that Republican refugees have exaggerated the danger to the Allies which was represented by the Franco regime. When the Axis version of the war is finally published, we shall learn whether or not, on at least two occasions, Madrid considered coming into the war on the side of Hitler. But in denouncing Franco's complicity with the Axis, first under the guise of "non-belligerency," then under the guise of neutrality, we have never given as much importance to the possibility that Spain might enter the war as to the greater services Franco was rendering Hitler in the field of sabotage, spying, deliveries of essential materials for German war industries, and especially by trying to win for the fascist idea the Spanish American republics. Even now, when the Allied armies are fighting on the German frontier, the Franco gang is still helping the Nazis. The Moscow radio was right in pointing out two weeks ago that Fascist Spain has welcomed as many fugitives from Vichy as possible and as many Germans as succeeded in slipping in before the Fighting French seized the frontier. No denial from the Franco embassy in Washington weighs a gram. As José Antonio de Aguirre, last president of the Basque government and Catholic leader, said in the New York *Herald Tribune* on September 6, nothing is more pitiable than to see the Franco embassy in Washington protesting a five-minutes-after-twelve love for the democracies.

III

I am not, in a spirit of childish patriotism, claiming special gifts of political intuition for the Spanish Republicans. But perhaps it will not be considered presumptuous if I point out that they have had considerable experience in the fight against reaction. Some of the older members of the Spanish emigration were active in the Spanish Socialist Party when it directed the general strike of 1917, a genuine revolutionary uprising. The Spanish Socialists were never bureaucrats; they were fighters from their earliest days. Later, they knew seven years of dictatorship under Primo de Rivera. In 1930 there was another unsuccessful revolutionary attempt to overthrow the monarchy. The following year we experienced the indescribable joy of establishing the republic. In 1934, only three years later, we were fighting fascism in the streets again, and in Asturias the Moorish troops, brought especially from Morocco, were hunting down the miners like wild beasts. But as Franco's prisoners in Madrid used to sing on the morning they were led to execution, "All our lives they have given us more beatings than a dirty rug, but the last beating will be by the people."

That is why appeasement has never flourished in the Spanish emigration, whether it was attempted by the right or the left. An inspiring proof of this was given last spring in connection with the dispute which arose between Dr. Negrín and the Spanish Communists, about which only very incomplete versions have been published in this country. In a few words, this is what happened. In response to Indalecio Prieto's creation in Mexico of the *Junta de Liberación,* distinctly anti-Communist and anti-Soviet in character, the Spanish Communists launched a great propaganda campaign for a *Junta Suprema de Liberación Nacional* in Madrid, to which they assigned the leadership and direction of the entire resistance movement. In London the *Hogar Español,* a Spanish refugee organization, planned a meeting in support of the Madrid Junta; in the invitation the name of Dr. Negrín was used in such a way as to create the impression that he was behind the new group. Dr. Negrín sent a very severe letter to the president of the *Hogar Español,* sharply criticizing the way the story of the Junta had been exploited. As a result, *España Popular,* the Spanish Communist weekly in Mexico, published an editorial which was considered by Negrín's followers, and even by refugees of other political groups, an outrageous attack on the head of the last Spanish Republican government. So much has been told in the American press. But more important than the recorded facts was the reaction of the Spanish refugees to the policy embodied in the "Pact of Alliance with the Catholics," signed by the new Junta in Madrid.

I arrived in Mexico in March when the controversy was at its peak. The opposition of the refugees to any alliance with the clerical elements in Spain was overwhelming. No one can pretend, in an attempt to dismiss the matter lightly, that criticism came only from political leaders who were afraid that a movement inside Spain might cost them future positions or influence. No. Most outspoken in opposition to the pact were workers

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with a long revolutionary tradition, men who had always favored unity of action with the Communists but who stood firmly against any political alliance with the church.

There was no dogmatic anti-religious feeling in this position. Thousands and thousands of excellent Catholics—to begin with, the entire Basque country—had fought together with other Spanish democrats against Axis aggression. What the Spanish refugees refused to do was to appease, to admit into the Republican ranks those Catholics who had been with Franco and had given their benediction to the terror which followed the war. This was not merely a national attitude. In the international field the Spanish Republicans are much alarmed to see the Vatican, with the encouragement of important elements in the Allied countries, becoming a leading factor in the political organization of Europe.

Unity, yes, but "no unity with fascists," as I said in my article in *The Nation* of June 3. Or, as Dr. Negrín pointed out in his letter to the president of the *Hogar Español,* "When I have spoken of unity for the reconquest of Spain, I have always and very clearly spoken about unity based upon the constitution and its institutions. . . . But unity without confusion and without collusion." And he urged that the ranks be held until the Republic should be restored and the people given an opportunity to choose the kind of government they want.

In spite of the opinion of some observers that the disunity among Republicans is too embittered and profound to be overcome, I am convinced that unity can be achieved. An important step in that direction may be taken not long after the publication of this article. Unity can only be built around Negrín. He is the man who holds the constitutional powers which were effective at the formal end of the war, and his government received a unanimous vote of confidence at the last meeting of the Cortes held on Spanish soil. We do not intend to make a fetish of constitutional legality. But the fact that there is at hand a person who embodies the continuity of the government, besides having other qualifications, provides the Spanish Republic in Exile with a solution of its immediate political problem. As long as the Prime Minister remains, the rest of the Cabinet can be changed to conform with the present balance of political forces.

Many things may happen in the weeks to come. I say again—the Spanish Republic in Exile is not a rhetorical conception. Very soon it may become an articulate, fully operating reality. When that moment comes, there will be no longer an excuse for the Allied chancelleries to try to prolong the existence of a fascist regime or for minority groups to improvise any last-minute substitute.

Civil Affairs Comme Il Faut

BY CAPTAIN COX AND LIEUTENANT BOX

Normandy, August, 5

OUR detachment left the organized chaos of the American Civil Affairs Center at double quick. We were the smallest type of Civil Affairs detachment—four officers, two British and two American, and six American enlisted men. Having been ground through the Sausage, an amazingly appropriate name for the marshaling area, we arrived at port to embark, our date for landing being D-14, the twentieth of June. We had not reckoned with the weather, however, which was extremely stormy, and after cruising about in the Channel for approximately a week, we finally landed on D-20. The approaches to the beach and the beach itself were strewn with the wreckage of ships of all types which had been pounded against each other and sunk. Even the big concrete breakwaters had been broken up. For all that, there were some hundreds of ships in sight, and a swarm of Ducks, LST's, and LSM's were tearing about all over the place. The Ducks were driven by colored soldiers who released at intervals loud hoots of joy. Aircraft were taking off and landing on the strips behind the beaches, their wheels blowing up clouds of dust.

Our first days ashore were spent in another Civil Affairs pool almost as well disorganized as the one we had left behind in England, with an equally irrelevant training schedule which we successfully ducked. Fortunately, in two days we were moving to corps headquarters, where we lived in a ditch and listened to the guns. The Germans were busy shelling the bridge which gave entry to the town from the north.

We, in our ditch, were waiting to go to a town assigned us some way to the south. But as this obviously would not be captured for about a fortnight, the SCAO at corps headquarters decided he would have us set up a refugee camp. Accordingly, we were instructed to take over a large farm which had a number of wooden huts in various stages of repair scattered about the grounds and had previously been used as a hospital by the Germans. The owner was the local mayor. We called upon him and took two glasses of Bordeaux apiece and half the house to live in. This rather surprised our Colonel, who didn't realize that we were going to be so comfortable while he still existed in his little foxhole. The Germans had left tables, chairs, and beds, all of the hospital

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variety, and we quickly made ourselves extraordinarily snug, with an office, a dining-room, a storeroom, three bedrooms, and no bath. Although the building is a really magnificent seventeenth-century farmhouse with a central staircase and high paneled rooms, the sanitation consists of an outside lavatory which would shock the hill-billies of West Virginia.

Our first refugees were an interesting group of ten Spanish Loyalists who had fled to France in 1939, been caught by the Germans in 1940, and set to work for the Todt organization. They had been in a camp run by the French in St. Sauveur, but as it appeared that they were not being properly cared for there, they were brought to our place. They were very willing to work for nothing more than food, shelter, and cigarettes, and soon had our offices and quarters, as well as their own barracks, in livable condition. Since they spoke no English and we spoke no Spanish, communication was at first difficult but was finally achieved through the medium of a bastard French containing elements of both the other languages. One of them had formerly been a captain in the International Brigade, and another described himself as third-best chess player in the world, having once been beaten by the man, whoever he was, who had been beaten by the champion, whoever he was. They are grand workers, and having elected their own boss, they are very well disciplined.

One day we went over to a big refugee camp north of Fontenay to see what conditions were like there. This camp has approximately a thousand refugees speaking thirteen languages, and the management is having a devil of a time. A number of Russian women who have married German soldiers don't know what they want except to get out of the camp and generally make trouble. There are also ten French prostitutes, registered or otherwise, who appear to be assisting the French community to return to normal under the familiar motto of "Business as usual." What with trying to feed its charges, prevent civil war, and stop people from leaving the camp at their will, the detachment at Fontenay has its hands full.

We had fond hopes of getting our place fitted out a bit better, and to that end organized daily scrounging expeditions. With the jeep and trailer we proceeded through darkest France from town to town and dump to dump, netting such valuables as several hundred square feet of tar paper, bundles of nails, stoves, beds (German), mattresses, food, mess equipment, blankets, towels, clothing, medical stores, and German notepaper, to say nothing of a case of cognac which we reserved for the staff and marked *"Pour militaire seulement."*

In two days we were ready for the first customers, and on the third day about 140 suddenly arrived in trucks, and all was pandemonium. Never in the course of human history have so many said so much in so little time. An interpreter being lacking, the arrivals were registered by such members of the detachment as felt they could muster enough French to inquire name, age, and occupation and understand the responses. The families seemed to breed in the very room; there was always one more child popping up from somewhere. Also, as each family prepared to leave the registration desk, it would be discovered that *la grand'mère* was still standing in the corner clutching her identity card, incapable of speech. By eleven o'clock, however, all were fed and put to bed.

The next day we received a stream of requests for passes to visit alleged relatives in all parts of the peninsula. Since we were expected to keep refugees off the roads in order to prevent their interfering with military traffic, we tried to sift the requests and only permitted visits to nearby villages.

After we had got the place thoroughly organized, the powers decided to send us four women French liaison officers to assist us. We were assured by the French liaison officers at headquarters that we should find them charming, at least half English, and altogether delightful companions. This, indeed, proved to be true; they were young, attractive, and intelligent. An excellent mess was organized, and as one of the girls was a superfine cook, we had a magnificent apple pie which brought tears to the eyes of all the Americans and started a furious argument as to who first thought of eating cheese with it, Yorkshire or America. We also had another most agreeable guest, Lieutenant Smith of the United States navy, a specialist in fine arts and monuments who was touring the peninsula checking up on the condition of all works of art mentioned in the special Civil Affairs list. Each day he consulted with official architects about what must be done to restore the relics of France's glorious past, and each morning before he set out he fried the bacon and eggs for our breakfast. If he was as good an art specialist as he was a cook, the cultural future of France is in safe hands.

The Spanish refugees were the backbone of our camp. We were shocked, however, to see with what hostility they were regarded by the Mayor and his wife and even by the French refugees. They were all classified as Communists, and as such were regarded with deep suspicion, despite the fact that they alone among all the people at our camp had been fighting the fascists since 1936. Our French liaison officers, those otherwise intelligent young women, also displayed prejudice against a Russian and a Polish refugee. The Russian, a soldier in the Red Army, had been captured by the Germans and forced to work for the Todt organization. The Pole, a civilian, had also been put to forced labor. Our gentle liaison officers were all for sending these two unfortunates to the Fontenay camp, where the conditions, we knew, were chaotic. It is to be feared that this attitude of the French, if it prevails throughout the country, is going to be a serious hindrance to the ultimate happiness of Europe.

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Polls, Propaganda, Politics

The Polish American Vote

THE voting intentions of Polish Americans in the Presidential election are important not only for their influence on its outcome but also because this group is alleged to have a special interest in the Russian-Polish controversy. Voters of Polish birth or extraction number more than 100,000 in each of seven states—Illinois, Pennsylvania, New York, Michigan, Ohio, Massachusetts, and Connecticut—whose electoral votes total 179. The Gallup poll, in its preliminary survey, has given 4 of those states, with 119 electoral votes, to Dewey and 3, with 60, to Roosevelt.

The Bureau of Applied Social Research conducted a survey of 522 Polish Americans (Catholics) in the New York area to learn how they plan to vote, how they voted in 1940, and what are their reasons for their intentions. The results show that President Roosevelt has held his strength, with almost no loss, among the Polish Americans who had made up their minds. Almost nine of every ten who had picked their candidate planned to vote for him (F. D. R., 88 per cent; T. D., 12 per cent). This represents no change from 1940, when 89 per cent voted for Roosevelt and 11 per cent for Willkie.

That there is some hesitation, however, is clear from the fact that one of every five respondents said that he was still undecided about his November choice. Indecision was more frequent in the group that had voted for Roosevelt in 1940 than in the group that had voted for Willkie: 24 per cent of formerly Democratic voters were undecided; 16 per cent of the Republicans.

Two factors probably account for this greater hesitancy of 1940 Democrats to make up their minds. One is that the Democrats are more likely to come from low-income groups; other studies have showed that low-income people make up their minds later in the campaign. The second factor relates to the current political attitude of Polish Americans. Although their vote is traditionally Democratic, they feel apprehensive at this time about Roosevelt's stand in the Russian-Polish controversy. This apprehension seems to be of a rather complex psychological nature.

When the 96 subjects who had voted Democratic in 1940 but who did not yet know for whom they would vote this fall were questioned by English-speaking interviewers, only a very few showed any concern with Polish affairs. When a Polish-speaking analyst, however, making a more detailed study, discussed current affairs with several dozen people, the Eastern European issue loomed larger. Poland's situation seems, then, to be a matter of concern to American Poles rather than a definite factor in their voting decision. This explains why the bureau found a hesitancy among some respondents to commit themselves to voting Democratic as in 1940, rather than a shift to the Republican Party.

In general, the Poles seem to follow the political mood of the community in which they live, with the superimposed tendency to vote Democratic. Thus in one of the sample areas which usually goes Republican, Long Island, indecision about a candidate was strongest. More than half the Polish Americans there have not yet made up their minds. In lower Manhattan, an old Tammany stronghold, and in New Jersey, where the Hague machine is influential, indecision is less marked and committed Roosevelt votes are more numerous.

From the more detailed case studies it appears that a kind of national sensitivity is developing among Poles in the Democratic machine, which is often controlled by Irish and other groups whose immigration preceded the Polish. The Poles apparently feel that they do not have enough influence or political jobs. Some turn therefore to the Republican organization in the hope that they will have more weight there. And when a politically active or prominent Polish American makes this shift, he is likely to carry others with him.

The Polish vote, then, in the New York metropolitan area is still overwhelmingly available to the Democratic Party, but areas of uncertainty are developing which are worth the attention of party managers.

BUREAU OF APPLIED SOCIAL RESEARCH
COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY, NEW YORK

25 Years Ago in "The Nation"

REASON, WISDOM, INTELLIGENCE, forces of the mind and heart, whom I have always devoutly invoked, come to me, aid me, sustain my feeble voice; carry it, if that may be, to all the peoples of the world, and diffuse it everywhere where there are men of good-will to hear the beneficent truth! A new order of things is born. The powers of evil die, poisoned by their crime. The greedy and the cruel, the devourers of peoples, are bursting with an indigestion of blood. However sorely stricken by the sins of their blind or corrupt masters, mutilated, decimated, the proletarians remain erect; they will unite to form one universal proletariat, and we shall see fulfilled the great Socialist prophecy: "The union of the workers will be the peace of the world." —ANATOLE FRANCE, *September 6, 1919.*

THIS WEEK, SO THE PAPERS SAY, General Pershing will march up Fifth Avenue at the head of the famous First Division. . . . Probably this will be the last of the great parades in New York. The chapter is closed. The world has been made safe for—democracy-in-moderation, as Ibsen would say. Except for a few thousand Americans left on the Rhine, a few other thousands in Siberia, and a few others engaged in manifestations within the territory of our southern neighbors, we are at peace with the world.—JAMES RORTY, *September 13, 1919.*

IT IS IMPOSSIBLE TO DESCRIBE the blank pessimism which is all but universal in Germany today. People are hopeless, without faith in God, themselves, their rulers, the Allies, or the neutrals; in capitalism or Bolshevism; in democracy, revolution, or monarchy. And they are too tired and half-starved to care. The casual visitor to Berlin, Frankfurt, or other German cities today finds little change—the streets a bit dirtier, the policing laxer; but the theaters full, the cafes crowded, the main streets gay. Behind this façade is a despair such as only a people with the intense self-consciousness of the Germans can know.—LEWIS S. GANNETT, *September 27, 1919.*

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Garibaldi's Return

BY MARIO BELLINI

IN THE fateful period when the Italian underground closed ranks to prepare for the downfall of Mussolini, a slogan appeared chalked on the many statues of Garibaldi: "Return, Giuseppe!" Garibaldi has returned to the Italian people. A Garibaldi division exists today in Yugoslavia, fourteen Garibaldi brigades are active in northern and central Italy, and one is fighting in Poland.

Strange as it may seem, the Allies have consistently rebuffed this great popular force. In the liberated cities and villages notices have been posted requiring all persons carrying arms to surrender them under penalty of death. In Florence, where the Partisans suffered particularly heavy losses while fighting German snipers and Fascist traitors, the Allied authorities requested them to stop their activities. The official explanation is that the guerrilla forces are useful only behind the lines. But this leaves out the political reasons. The guerrilla forces are on the whole leftist, anti-monarchist. The Allies in Italy are on the whole rightist and monarchist. The Allied authorities are disbanding the Partisans, not out of military considerations, as they pretend, but because they fear the spread of radical political ideas.

Nothing would be easier for the Allies than to organize the Partisan forces in liberated Italy into regular units. But the King does not want an army of volunteers which refuses to swear allegiance, as the regular army has sworn, to "the King and his royal successors for the indivisible good of King and country." Nor do the Allies want such an army. Italy must not acquire too many rights through its contribution to the war effort; especially it must not acquire the right to become an ally, since the terms of the 1943 armistice must be enforced in full. In the hope of holding his crown, the King accepted those terms, one of which it is said, limits the Italian army to 14,000 men.

Logically, to justify their policy, the Allies minimize the contribution the Partisans are making to the war. Lacking information, the newspapers here give little space to their activities, and the American public is constantly kept in the dark about the facts. The Italians know all this and resent it bitterly. They believe, justly, that the Allies want to convey the impression that Italians are unable to administer their own affairs, that they were not born for self-government, and that therefore a strong monarchy is essential.

But if the Allies reject the Partisans once the battle is won, they gladly make use of their courage and organization behind the German lines. General Sir Harold Alexander's statement that the Italian Partisans are forcing the Germans to keep six divisions in the occupied zones is a most authentic tribute to the strength of the patriotic Italian movement. In a message to the Partisans, General Alexander said: "The day will come when the whole world will learn the story of the sacrifices and the heroism of the Italian Partisans. All Italy will be grateful to them."

To obtain the greatest possible cooperation from these guerrilla forces, General Alexander has subdivided occupied Italy into six zones of operation, each of which receives special instructions at opportune moments. The instructions to the patriots are issued by a mixed Allied-Italian command and are transmitted by radio and by leaflets dropped from airplanes. This command has already sent men with receiving and transmitting radio sets into the zones occupied by the patriots.

General Kesselring himself, in a broadcast to the Italian people, found it necessary to complain that General Alexander's instructions were being carried out by the Partisans. Kesselring warned the Italians that he would not hesitate to use the most violent methods to suppress the guerrillas. But in spite of everything the Germans can do the Partisan armies carry on their fight. The importance of the guerrillas' contribution to the Allied cause was documented in a recent bulletin from the Allied command which announced that patriots had captured the city of Teramo and had turned it over to the Allies intact. The principal task assigned to the patriots by the Allied command is, however, to facilitate the Allied advance by preventing Germans from blowing up bridges and by interrupting their communications.

In the north, the entire region of Lake Como is under the control of the guerrillas, and their numbers are being rapidly reinforced in the region around Lake Maggiore. The fourteen Garibaldi brigades, the best of the Italian guerrillas, are among the most active units in the north. They are organized into military cadres, under the strictest discipline, and are generally commanded by officers of the Italian army. The patriots practically control traffic on the railway lines. Various Fascists, recognized as spies or informers for the Germans, have been sentenced to death by the military courts of the brigades and shot.

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Separate units of Partisans operate in the cities. By continuous attacks and by organizing strikes, these "city-operations squads" force the enemy to maintain huge garrisons, thus diverting large contingents of troops from expeditions against the guerrillas and from joining the harassed forces of Kesselring. The list of Fascist leaders who have been killed is impressive. It includes Giovanni Gentile, the philosopher of fascism; the Fascist bosses of Milan and Bologna; and hundreds of officials of the secret police. The city in which the patriots are most active is Milan, although in Genoa, Turin, and various cities of Venetia—Padua and Verona above all—they are also well organized and very effective.

The Garibaldi Division in Yugoslavia, fighting under Tito's orders, comprises 40,000 men. For military reasons the exploits of this division have not been divulged fully, but Marshal Tito has praised it as one of his best units. Immediately following the armistice of Septemper 8, 1943, several Italian divisions in the Balkans revolted against preponderant German forces and tried to attack them. Among these were the Venezia and Alpina Taurinense divisions. The Taurinense Division suffered many losses after attacking German positions in the Cattaro and Niksic zones, in Montenegro. The Alpine troops of this division then retreated toward the positions of the Venezia Division, which, in the meantime, had succeeded in making contact by radio with the Italian Supreme Command and in obtaining the first reinforcements by air. Immediately afterward, the two divisions joined the fight at the side of Marshal Tito's Partisan forces in Montenegro. On November 15 the Italians reorganized their forces along the lines of Marshal Tito's, and reduced the two divisions to one, which was called the Garibaldi Division.

In the west, the Italian Partisan forces occupy almost the entire mountainous zone that marks the Italian-French frontier. These troops are in contact with the French Forces of the Interior across the Alps. During a recent conference the forces of the two countries coordinated their activity in the entire border area.

The existence of a Garibaldi brigade fighting in Poland has been officially announced by the Polish government in London. Not many details of the activity of this brigade are known, but it is believed to be composed of anti-Fascists who had been deported by the Germans to labor camps in Poland and there succeeded in escaping and joining the Polish guerrillas.

The best proof of the strength of the Partisan movement in Italy is given by the continuous appeals and demands of the Fascist newspapers and authorities for a cessation of the "war between brothers." In their relations with the Partisans the Fascists have always alternated strong methods with those of persuasion. But both have completely failed.

In an attempt to end, once and for all, the patriots' activities, the Fascists set March 25 last as the time limit for the Partisans to surrender to the local authorities. They announced that after that date the extermination of the guerrillas would proceed inexorably. The ultimatum produced just the opposite result, because only the timid presented themselves, while the ranks of the patriots were swelled by new recruits. The Fascists kept their word and launched repeated offensives against the Partisans; but after several weeks they had to give up the undertaking, not only because their opponents knew how to retreat, saving the greater part of their forces, but also because not a few of the Fascist units went over to the side of the Partisans.

With the advance of the Allied forces toward the north, the role of the Partisans will become even more important. Properly equipped, they can control the Alpine passes, thus facilitating the Allied march over the Alps to Berlin. More, they can constitute the nucleus of a free, democratic Italy—if the Allies will recognize them not only as temporary military aids but as the true spokesmen of the political will of their people.

[*Mr. Bellini's article gives the background for an analysis of the entire Italian political situation which Pietro Nenni, the Socialist leader, editor of the Roman* Avanti, *will contribute to this section next week.*]

Behind the Enemy Line

BY ARGUS

IT WOULD be an error to think that the Germans, soldiers or civilians, still cherish any illusions about the outcome of the war. The shattering course of the campaign in France has demonstrated to all of them—except, perhaps, an infinitesimal percentage of fools and idiots—the Reich's hopeless inferiority in men and equipment. They know that the loss of France and the Balkans and the blocking of communications with Spain and Portugal must have a calamitous effect on the supply of food and raw materials. They know what is in store for them with Allied aviation operating from bases on the very border of the most important German provinces. Public opinion has no longer the slightest doubt that collapse is unavoidable. Foreigners who are still in Germany and able to observe conditions are agreed on this point. A Swedish consul who had just come home was quoted by the Stockholm *Morgontidningen* of August 25 as saying: "Deep pessimism grips the German public. Everybody, even the military and political leaders in Berlin, is convinced that the situation is hopeless. The *Stimmung* has sunk far below zero." On the same day the *Arbeiterzeitung* of Schaffhausen, Switzerland, reported: "By now not only the common people but even the active Nazis consider ultimate German defeat inevitable." Such testimony could be multiplied indefinitely.

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The great riddle—and the great experience—of this war is that when a whole people is convinced of the utter hopelessness of its struggle, it can still carry on the struggle. "There is no doubt," declared the Stockholm *Aftontidningen* on August 24, "that the Germans would like to surrender if they could." But why can't they? The threat of the S.S. and the Gestapo is not an adequate explanation. It may explain the attitude of civilians facing in isolation the weapons of the party machine. One may grant, though not with complete conviction, that for civilians there is nothing to do but obey. One may even grant that for the high-ranking military, commanders of armies and corps and divisions, there is nothing to do but obey. Every single one of them today is certainly surrounded by "commissars" who hear every word he says and read every word he writes. But who can prevent the lower ranks, the common soldiers and lower officers, from surrendering if they really want to? Apparently it is not force but their own impulse which makes little groups of hungry stragglers, completely cut off from their fellows, fight on for days, always at the risk of their lives, in the attempt to get back to their own troops. Clearly we have here a phenomenon like that of a machine which continues to run after its fuel is used up. The fuel of the Nazi machine, faith in victory, is now used up. Nevertheless, for a while men will go on as before. In this last phase of the war Germans are most correctly described as machines which run on automatically, according to the principle of inertia.

This is true of high as well as low. The Propaganda Ministry still turns out its stuff, but let no one think that Dr. Goebbels supposes he is actually impressing any great number of persons. His newest argument is concentrated in the little words "not yet." We are not yet at the point where the retreat can be stopped. We are not yet in position definitely to destroy the enemy. But we must hold out just a little while longer; then our moment will come. Then we shall have completed the *rasche Umrüstung* (quick change in our armament) now in progress and shall appear with incomparably destructive new weapons. In addition, we shall have obtained millions of new soldiers through "remobilization," and this "enormous reserve" will give us superiority on the battlefield. As one of countless examples an article printed in the *Westfälische Zeitung* of Essen on August 20 may be cited:

> We know that for the time being the enemy is stronger than we are and that therefore we must reckon with further retreats, even though the enemy approaches painfully close to our borders. But we know that the last word has not been spoken and that one day we shall master the situation. The main thing is to preserve our liberty of operation. That is what is behind today's events in France. The times are serious, but they should make us anything but faint-hearted. The enemy is in a hurry. He wants to force a decision before our new weapons are released. Every means and measure must be used to hold the enemy until we can resume the offensive with our new weapons.

But the people understand perfectly that it is not a matter of "not yet being strong enough"; and the dervishes of the Propaganda Ministry know very well that the people understand. They no longer turn their hand-organs in the hope that somebody or other will listen but out of pure automatism—the machine still runs though the motor has no fuel.

Similarly, the measures for the defense of the "sacred soil of the Fatherland," though publicized with all the old advertising technique, cannot fail to strike all concerned as hardly more than empty gestures. On the eastern border of the Reich, in Silesia, Gauleiter Hanke in the second week of August called for voluntary workers on intrenchments. He gave the undertaking a romantic name derived from a new novel, "Vogt Barthold," which describes how eight hundred years ago the German settlers in Silesia were victorious over the Mongols. At numerous meetings he extolled his "gigantic Barthold enterprise" and told how the volunteer trench-diggers flocked to the work—"thousands of enthusiastic government officials and workers, university professors and miners, factory owners and their employees," rallying overnight to the defense of the border. He promised that as the result of these superhuman efforts the enemy standing at the gates of the Reich would be repulsed. But in a war in which the most elaborate "walls," built with the labor of years, have accomplished nothing, the improvised Silesian trenches will certainly not turn the tide: and everyone knows it—the Gauleiter who orders the trenches dug and the people whom he tries thereby to hearten.

The whole "remobilization" is a project of such a nature that both those who give the orders and those who carry them out must be convinced of its utter senselessness. Travel permits for vacations are no longer given; the length of a journey that can be taken without a special permit has been reduced from 100 to 30 kilometers; the sixty-hour week formerly decreed only for manual workers is now the minimum for clerks as well; clerks and even managers must now punch a time-clock; truck drivers must work at other jobs in the time between trips; private telephone calls are being prohibited in province after province; mail is delivered only once a day in large cities and only three times a week in small towns. "We have not yet the necessary abundance of men or materials; we must still be very economical with both," runs the official explanation. But everyone knows that a lake which is flowing away in streams cannot be filled with a few miserable drops of water.

The machine which everyone now sees can produce only ruin and more ruin will run on its own momentum for a while—after the faith that was its fuel is gone.

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BOOKS *and the* ARTS

Karl Shapiro and the Great Ordeal

V-LETTER AND OTHER POEMS. By Karl Shapiro. Reynal and Hitchcock. $2.

BY NOW most readers are probably tired of war literature and would like to get back to literature. Not only is much of the writing inferior; but we are kept from saying so by reason of the censorship inflicted on us by our war-time piety. Yet in the case of Karl Shapiro, whose new poems were written during the more than two years that he has been on active duty in the Southwest Pacific, it seems impossible not to invoke the war. By what drama of adjustment has he continued writing? The question would be irrelevant, I admit, if his adjustment had resulted in a book which was continuous in thought and quality with his earlier one, "Person, Place, and Thing." But although "V-Letter" is a remarkable performance, it is still in many ways weaker than the former book—anxious and uneven where the other one was strong and consistent.

The notable thing about "Person, Place, and Thing" was a firmness of mood and singleness of purpose. Its well-written satires on industrial society were not great poetry or even on their way to being that; they were in the best sense "minor." And Shapiro was able to be a successful minor poet in our time because, while renouncing the larger myth-making pretensions of modern poetry, he nevertheless maintained the modernist defiance of middle-class civilization. This ground of self-assurance is now giving way, it is clear, under pressure of the war and prolonged soldiering. His old conviction of identity is gone, and he is experimenting with new roles.

This is apparent in the introduction to "V-Letter," where he tries to define his relation to the great ordeal. It must be admitted that his ideas seem contradictory. On the one hand he seems anxious to diminish the war to a mere visitation of nature and thus to conjure away its terrors considered as a political or human portent. So he says that "war is an affection of the human spirit, without any particular reference to 'values,'" and that its effect on oneself is to reduce one "in size but not in meaning, like a V-letter." But this relatively complacent view is belied by what Shapiro says of the "suffering" and "private psychological tragedy" of soldiers and even more by the drastic moral effects which he ascribes to war. It "can teach us humility," he says; and by virtue of it "contemporary man should feel divested of the stock attitudes of the last generation, the stance of the political intellectual, the proletarian, the expert, the salesman, the world-traveler, the pundit-poet [and] like the youngster in the crowd make the marvelous discovery that our majesty is naked." Those "stock attitudes," or many of them, were of course at the root of his earlier poems; and in trying to cut them away he is, knowingly, risking the extinction of his old powers. And what, one wonders, is really wrong with those attitudes? They were by-products of the same civilization that produced the war; and if, as seems more and more likely, the war fails to solve the problems that begot it, then why are not the old postures still viable? Where, moreover, are the sources of this Blake-like freshness of vision, this mystical simplicity, of which Shapiro speaks and to which he aspires? Are they to be found in battle, in the pursuit of what he calls in a poem "the rat-toothed enemy"? To accept this war as a hard political necessity is one thing; to completely de-politicalize it in the interests of a confused and supine metaphysics is to leave it a mere meaningless horror. Shapiro may be right in fleeing the old attitudes; but surely he is in danger of demonstrating that a bad civilization can finally compel acceptance of itself, or at least suspension of judgment, by the simple device of becoming worse.

These arguments apply primarily to Shapiro's introduction and not to his poetry. "V-Letter" is so various and so full of excellent verse that it would resist any attempt to sacrifice it to a thesis even if I wanted so to sacrifice it. The poet's peculiar negative-positive adjustment to the war has had the advantage, apparently, of leaving him relatively free to observe, read, reflect, and labor at his poetry as before. He retains his old wry pleasure in the sights of a country—in this case Australia, not America—and his characteristic interest in religion and history. Whether he is writing poetry or merely versifying—if the distinction is clear—he is as eloquent, as fertile in apt imagery, as wedded to the concrete, as he ever was. And his verse still has its clear metrical line, even though it tends toward excessive regularity and occasionally romps off into conventional dactylics.

Yet only a few of the poems in "V-Letter" seem to me equal to the average of his earlier work. The best single production in the book is probably The Synagogue, one of a series of satiric-prophetic pieces on Judaism. The subject is the spiritual limitations and historical guilts of the Jewish religion as Shapiro conceives them; and although his point of view is Christian, his temper is that of a Jewish prophet censuring the Jews. To readers not similarly concerned, Shapiro's ideas in these poems may seem atavistic; but they clearly exercised to the utmost his faculties as a poet. In The Synagogue passion and intellect converge to form one of the great contemporary poems. There is, however, seldom such concentration of forces in the rest of "V-Letter." For the most part the great ironies and paradoxes of the war escape the satiric comment which other and lesser aspects of modern society received in "Person, Place, and Thing." Shapiro now reserves his thunder for Judaists and intellectuals. When he writes of military life, as in Troop Train or Elegy for a Dead Soldier, he is easy, reportorial, readable; hardly any other poet today could have produced so colloquially-spirited, so tragically-gay a departure scene as he depicts in the first stanza of Birthday Poem. Nevertheless it is curious how often these poems drop into commonplace or even mere folksy sentiment. ("I see you woman-size And this looms larger and more goddess-like Than silver goddesses on screens"—I love you just the way you are, dear.) And it appears that Shapiro's former satirical defiance is being displaced by new and vaguely disturbing attitudes. There is in his work a

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THE WORKS OF LOVE, *translated by David F. Swenson and Lillian M. Swenson, (Spring, 1945)*

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growing contempt for conscious artistry and intellect, an eagerness to present himself as passionately immersed in the folk life of the soldier, a pride in his acquired toughness.

> I smoke and read my bible and chew gum . . .
> I'd rather be a barber and cut hair
> Than walk with you in gilt museum halls . . .
> And on through crummy continents and days,
> Deliberate, grimy, slightly drunk, we crawl,
> The good-bad boys of circumstance and chance . . .

Nor are these new feelings frankly examined in the poet's conscience in such a way that the conversion process becomes itself the subject of his poetry: they are merely taken for granted. It would certainly be an irony of the war if it turned a complex and specialized poet like Shapiro into only another exponent of hard-boiled sentimentality. F. W. DUPEE

Maurois on America

THE MIRACLE OF AMERICA. By André Maurois. Harper and Brothers. $3.50.

THIS brief history of the United States, I presume, was intended primarily for the French public. It is a perfect introduction. Here, the familiar limitation of André Maurois serves him as well as his very great talent. The virtues of the textbook writer are not the same as those of the citizen. In these times that try men's souls, we have little use for the Laodicean, however delicate, kindly, and urbane. But to give in four hundred pages a lucid and well-balanced history of a great foreign nation is a task that requires gentle sympathy, measure, tolerance, and a sanity so sound and safe that it is not afraid of being timid.

For Maurois, America is neither Utopia nor the land of Cockaygne. Neither is it the somber and brutal world evoked by Georges Duhamel in "America the Menace," or, more vigorously, by Anatole France in the closing chapter of "Penguin Island." On the whole, Maurois holds his conservative bias well in check. He says that on August 4 the French nobility gave up their traditional privileges "in an excess of abnegation": there speaks the distant disciple of Burke. He is more in sympathy with Hamilton than with Jefferson; but, as a good pragmatist, he recognizes that the Jeffersonian spirit won out; and he comforts himself with the thought that "Hamilton was a doctrinaire, Jefferson a politician." It would have been a scandal if principles—even the right principles—had prevailed over expediency.

There are two elements of outstanding merit in this unassuming volume. Each of the six parts ends with a Conclusion which is a very able synthesis. And some of the biographical sketches are done with the skill we had the right to expect from the author of "Disraeli." Maurois's Coolidge is particularly convincing. I always felt that nature unaided could not produce anything so purely Coolidgean as Coolidge: it was a work of art. Coolidge, like Franklin in Paris, and Theodore Roosevelt at all times, played consciously and conscientiously the part he had been cast for. Maurois's portrait of Wilson lacks sympathy and verges on the malicious; but it offers a consistent and vivid picture.

So I wish all success to the French edition of this work: heaven knows that it is necessary that the French and our-

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selves should understand one another! But what is the usefulness of such a book for the American public? It is not sensational, but very real. A foreign observer may bring out facts so familiar that we are not conscious of them. It was Boutmy who emphasized the veritable revolution made by the Enclosure Acts in eighteenth-century England: yet it should have been patent at the time of "The Deserted Village." Oddly enough, I believe that the keenest interpretation of pre-war France came from three Germans, Cohen-Portheim, Curtius, and Sieburg. And André Siegfried made it plain that the vital element in our own political system was not that outworn idol, the party, but the lobby. There is no revelation of this kind in Maurois's book. Its total absence of doctrinaire commitments makes it informative rather than challenging. I missed, for instance, Maurois's own brilliant theory of the Three Ghosts—the Puritan, the Pioneer, and the Robber Baron, which, I am told, he had borrowed from Régis Michaud.

But if the book is not an epic, or an apocalypse, or a satire, or an ideological demonstration, it tells a good story very well indeed, and, with a few inevitable slips, it is as safe a primer as any on the market. We are occasionally rediscovering the sad fact that we do not know our own history: here is a chance to review the essentials with the most courteous and unobtrusive of guides. I greatly enjoyed the experience.

The translation contributed little to the enjoyment. It is adequate, but it has no style. Now the quality of Maurois's writing is elusive. Through his alertness, his lucidity, his wit, his perfect mastery of a delicate instrument, he keeps steadily just above the commonplace: a perfect recipe for narrative prose. The translators drag him down. We have the impression of a modest but perfect French dinner warmed over in a Greek restaurant. By *"la noble candeur du Président Wilson,"* Clemenceau meant not candor, but naivete. Clemenceau had his own brand of blunt candor, but there was no trace of *candeur* in him. ALBERT GUERARD

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A Votive Stone

CARRIE CHAPMAN CATT: A BIOGRAPHY. By Mary Gray Peck. The H. W. Wilson Company. $3.

A BIOGRAPHY of Carrie Chapman Catt is necessarily in large part a history of the last thirty years of the fight for woman suffrage, a fight which ended in 1920 when the Nineteenth Amendment took the hurdle of the thirty-sixth state legislature. Out of the annals of organization routine, political lobbying, campaign strategy, and committee hearings, a few general ideas take shape. Unquestionably Miss Peck establishes her case that the political machine is so unwieldy as almost to defeat its purpose, and that the enfranchisement of women was delayed for years after the idea had become acceptable to the public.

Indeed, the book sometimes conveys the impression that the suffrage movement was demanding a *de jure* recognition of the *de facto* equality which American women already possessed. The professional opportunities open to women in the nineties, for instance, especially in the West, came as something of a revelation to this reviewer. They were no doubt enjoying the benefits of an expanding economy; there is a tang of the prairie and free lands and opportunity for all about the early part of the book which imparts to the reader some of the optimism which the suffragists felt about their cause at the turn of the century. Perhaps the legislatures were not altogether responsible for the unexpected lag; it was not merely that they were so slow, but also that a lately pioneer society was marching so fast.

A great deal of Miss Peck's material overlaps Ida Husted Harper's "History of Woman Suffrage" and Mrs. Catt's own "Woman Suffrage and Politics." But the account of Mrs. Catt's international work, beginning with the International Woman Suffrage Alliance, and later embracing the peace movement, is an addition to the literature of the women's movement, and does much to enliven the pages of this substantial volume. The portraits of the European leaders are colorful; their gatherings have a quality of exhilaration; and Mrs. Catt herself comes to life in her relationships with the members of this cosmopolitan group, in her genuine concern for peace, which she did not confuse with appeasement, and in her horror of the loom of National Socialism. She was one of the earliest of influential Americans to recognize its dangers, and she deserves a good mark too for her protests against the Lusk committee's activities and her brush with the D. A. R. for its blacklisting of liberals.

This book is written by a votary for votaries, and it will be read chiefly by those who love to recall the old days and look at the old pictures which the publisher has furnished without stint. Miss Peck is as conscientious as the social

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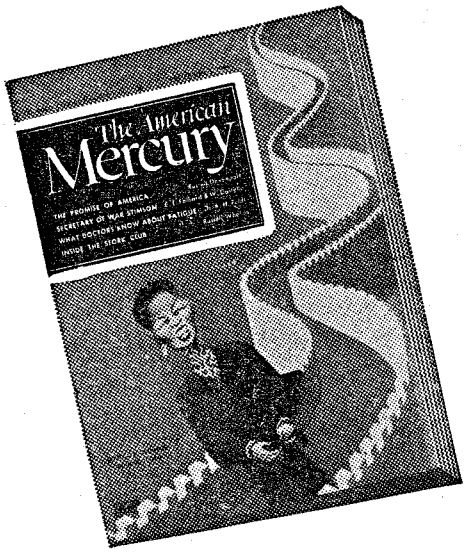

Tom Paine, Jefferson, Jackson, Lincoln and Wilson all believed that America has a purpose. That purpose, they said, is to *make men free,* not just here but everywhere.

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THE ROBOT PLANE IN WAR AND PEACE

Major Alexander P. de Seversky has again pin-pointed his target in a revealing and prophetic analysis of the flying bomb—its future as a horrible engine of destruction—the one defense against it—and the useful servant it will prove to be in peace.

THE CASE AGAINST BIG GOVERNMENT

The history of many corporations has been "Big, Bigger and Bust." The reason is often over-centralization. Today a deadly parallel exists with the over-centralized federal government in Washington. Read New Dealer Charles Edison make specific suggestions for its decentralization.

NEW YORK'S FABULOUS STORK CLUB

Here is a personally conducted tour of America's most famous night club. For an intimate look behind the fabulous façade, join Russell Whelan "Inside the Stork Club" in THE MERCURY for September.

ALSO IN THIS ISSUE

Why I Don't Join the WACS
What Doctors Know About Fatigue
The First Submarine
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Why Pick on China?
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Also—Books, Fiction, Poetry, Open Forum and Alan Devoe's monthly nature feature "Down to Earth"

THE AMERICAN MERCURY AND LIBEL

Future historians writing of America's struggle to remain a democracy, will find *The American Mercury* rich in material exposing Fascist and Communist activities. Long before "Under Cover" swept the nation, John Roy Carlson put the searchlight on American Fascists for *American Mercury* readers—named names, places and dates. At the same time Max Eastman, William Henry Chamberlin and Fred Woltman kept *Mercury* readers informed about the Communist front organizations. Hamilton Fish, Elizabeth Dilling, Gerald L. K. Smith, George Seldes, the League Against War and Fascism, "Peace Now", "In Fact" and a long list of other people and organizations were taken apart in *The Mercury* . . . more than one never ticked quite so well again.

For refusing to pull its punches *The American Mercury* is threatened often with libel suits; but has never been sued. The reason is plain. Truth is a winning defense against claims of libel, and *Mercury* articles are backed by carefully documented facts. The readiness of *The Mercury* to strike out boldly while many others remain discreetly silent may explain why *The Mercury* today is at its all-time high in circulation.

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The American Mercury for September...

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editor of a local newspaper in including all the names. Her treatment of the militant wing of the American movement is a model of judicious restraint—if restraint was required after a quarter of a century. But the Great Healer has likewise laid his cooling hand on the buoyancy of the girls who marched in gold; to all but the survivors this is a story of long, long ago.

BETSY HUTCHISON

Congress

YOU AND YOUR CONGRESS. By Volta Torrey. William Morrow and Company. $3.

WE WERE indicted as a people, as well as bombed, on December 7, 1941, in Mr. Torrey's opinion. The country, capably led by President Roosevelt, was being badly governed by a rebellious Congress which appeared to be only vaguely aware of the forces Adolf Hitler and his Oriental allies were unleashing over Main Street, U. S. A. There were Congressmen, such as Hamilton Fish, who said that no one in Japan wanted war with the United States; and Representative Knutson of Minnesota was in Germany trying to sell lard to Hermann Göring's war industries when the Wehrmacht struck Poland. Moreover, Congress was so dominated by the hoary seniority system that when war did come Senator Robert Reynolds, admirer of the Nazis, Anglophobe, and isolationist, became chairman of the Senate Military Affairs Committee and the isolationist Senator David I. Walsh head of the Senate Naval Affairs Committee. No other legislature in the world would have tolerated such a situation.

The Liberal Party

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Mr. Torrey, who as a Washington correspondent watched Congress at its daily table-thumping, takes apart both houses and exposes their creaking machinery. His book, obviously written for the overalls trade, is frankly propaganda for the election this November of a liberal Congress and for the reform of the electoral system. Mr. Torrey has turned out an excellent handbook for the labor-politicos whom the C. I. O., through its Political Action Committee, and the A. F. of L., through its new "get-out-the-vote" apparatus, have put into the field. His analysis of minority rule and the poll tax, which practically give the Southerners perpetual control of Congressional committees, and his discussion of the political machines, the isolationists' records, and the manner in which the people permit the nationalists to take over by default will make excellent campaign material for liberal and labor spokesmen. For Mr. Torrey has packed evidence into this book which, if it is impressed on the millions of working people this fall, will do much to help drive from Congress the Hamilton Fishes, the Dewey Shorts, the Clare Hoffmans—in general, the men who have governed so badly and whose antics and ideologies have given comfort to the enemy.

VICTOR RIESEL

Fiction in Review

"Tender Comrade"

I HAVE been rather surprised at the dearth of novels on a theme which would seem to be particularly appealing for war-time fiction—the predicament of wives whose husbands have gone off to war. Yet now that one has finally come my way, Hannah Lees's "Till the Boys Come Home" (Harper's, $2.50), I must admit even greater surprise at its content. Miss Lees's novel may not have any artistic importance, but I find it important as a study in what the middle-brow American reading public can take, or at least be offered, in the line of realism. In manner, "Till the Boys Come Home" could perfectly well have appeared in one of the large-circulation women's magazines: it has no literary overtones or references beyond itself, and it requires little creative cooperation from the reader. But if its matter, too, should be acceptable to a large-circulation audience, then this country has gone a longer way in recent years than we commonly suppose. For Miss Lees's novel is remarkably free of the expected sentimental and patriotic clichés. And in sexual matters it is very courageous without being self-conscious. In "Till the Boys Come Home" bravery without intelligence is the object only of scorn, and the good sportsmanship of an army wife is shown to cover a wide streak of bitterness. Also, female sexuality achieves the authenticity and stature of a nuisance. Even the name of the novel's heroine strikes a new note in popular realism: she is not Sandra or Michael, but Sophie.

Miss Lees angles her story boldly by making Sophie a victim of the male urge to adventure rather than a victim of the draft; she is the wife of a doctor who has gone to war pretty much by choice. She has a job as well as two small children to occupy her, she has no financial worries, and she has a close circle of women friends in the same boat as herself; in other words, here is a heroine who should be admirably equipped to meet the popular ideal of home-front

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sturdiness. But, instead, Sophie comes very near to going to pieces. A normally emotional human being, she wants to share her life with another adult human being whom she loves; a normally sexual woman, she finds her enforced celibacy unendurable. By the time her husband comes home Sophie is full of resentments, guilts, and confusions. But this is only the heroine of the story; the minor characters are in equally unorthodox bad shape. Except for Julia, Sophie's priggish sister who has been created by idealizations of the service wife and who is shown to be correspondingly stupid, even vicious, all Sophie's friends either have similar experiences or, like Kate, sustain the absence of their husbands so well simply because they never loved them in the first place. We gather that the boys who come home to Miss Lees's world will encounter emotional situations such as usually lie beyond the range of any but the very best fiction.

But it is not in this broad outline, heterodox as it is, so much as in the nature of its details that "Till the Boys Come Home" is especially interesting. For instance, neither Sophie nor any of her friends is under any illusion about the political future of this country; they recognize the possibility not only of another war but of American fascism, and Miss Lees is very clear about the incipient fascism of the most heroic of her war wives. Or, quite without any intention of sensationalism, Miss Lees describes with extraordinary frankness the sexual substitutes for a husband which are available to the women left behind. Or "Till the Boys Come Home" is illuminating on the subject of war babies: it tells us that women become pregnant, or want to become pregnant, before their husbands go overseas not because they wish to preserve the image of love but in order to keep themselves out of sexual mischief and because pregnancy is so absorbing.

According to its dust jacket, the author of "Till the Boys Come Home" was educated at Vassar and the University of Colorado and is the wife of a physician; and this would seem to me to be a fairer way to define the intellectual and emotional area of the novel—to describe it, that is, as the work of a mature young woman of decent education, married to a doctor—than to try to understand it in terms of its possible audience. For it is in Miss Lees's generation and class that certain political, social, and domestic attitudes which are good have begun to take firm root, perhaps eventually to disseminate throughout our culture; even Miss Lees's psychological insights bear the stamp of her training, age, and professional connection. And although this may be a section of society that is not notable for its humor—indeed, there is something almost grim in the fervor with which Miss Lees insists that a child sucks its thumb for its own good reasons—it is a section of society which, by serving as liaison between theory and practice, has the potentiality of performing an invaluable educative function. Recently there have been several instances in which the women's magazines have recognized their educative power and broken through the old sexual taboos to tell small but difficult truths. One can guess that these steps in progress are directly to be traced to the influence of young writers and editors of the same cultural cast as Miss Lees, with perhaps no special artistic gift, but with the same simple seriousness and conscience.

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IN EARLY ISSUES OF THE NATION

ELIZABETH HAWES is a fashion designer with a social conscience and a political writer with a sense of humor. Out of her experiences on Fifth Avenue came two books, "Fashion Is Spinach" and "Men Can Take It." When war came she gave up a prosperous salon and entered a war plant. Out of that experience came another book, "Why Women Cry, or Wenches with Wrenches." Now she is an international representative of the United Automobile Workers, CIO, and working in the UAW-CIO education department, chiefly on women's problems. She has written an article for us on the women's vote in the coming election.

*

G. A. BORGESE, author of "Goliath: The March of Fascism," is a veteran anti-Fascist fighter now teaching Italian literature at the University of Chicago. He will write an article on the peace plans of the Vatican.

*

PIETRO NENNI, editor of *Avanti* and a leader of the Italian Socialist Party, is back in Rome now, and has sent us an article on Italy's present struggle for democracy.

*

I. F. STONE, *The Nation's* Washington correspondent, is now traveling through Ohio, Illinois, Michigan, and Indiana, and will write a series of articles on the political line-up in those key states.

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FILMS

NUNNALLY JOHNSON has turned the old Floyd Dell–Thomas Mitchell farce "Little Accident" into "Casanova Brown," a large slice of brisket for Gary Cooper. Mr. Cooper's role breaks into four parts for which he is peculiarly well qualified—or perhaps typed is the word. For the first few reels, very much worried, he talks to Frank Morgan as he might if the Hays office would allow him to pretend to be a young man who, a few hours before his wedding, is informed that he is the father of an illegitimate child. Then in flashback, very much embarrassed, he calls on his parents-in-law with his bride, Teresa Wright, and, by accident, burns their house down. Next, he is so farcically manhandled in a lying-in hospital that he all but loses certainty which sex he is. Last, extremely Cooperish, he kidnaps his baby (and Miss Wright's) and earnestly, laboriously takes care of it. How these tableaux of masculinity at bay fit together and are motivated is not important enough to go into; neither, perhaps, is the film itself. But like most of Johnson's screen plays it is reasonably and at times more than reasonably amusing. It is also the first production of International Pictures, a new "independent" corporation for which both Cooper and Johnson will produce from now on. I put independent in quotes without vindictiveness or deep sorrow, merely to indicate that, judging by "Casanova Brown," nothing independent in any very interesting sense is likely to come from the new studio. It's just Hollywood with its stays a little loosened; but even that is better than nothing, and far better than the bad serious stuff which independent producers sometimes attempt.

That is more than one can say for "The Seventh Cross"; Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer has used it, with every good intention I am sure, to crucify the possibilities of a very fine movie. Spencer Tracy is a sincere actor and in many respects a good one, but he is hopelessly ill-qualified to suggest a German anti-fascist who has escaped from a concentration camp; very little else in the film helps out, either. In almost every respect, in fact, the picture is an ultra-typical M-G-M "major" production; it is perhaps unnecessary to add that that style is fatal to any sort of film except the purest low-ceilinged romance. Hume Cronyn, Steve Geray, and Agnes Moorhead do manage to cut a few glints of living acid through all the glossy lard, and one street shot of coarse legs in black cotton stockings, walking with casual peculiarity, has a suddenness, sadness, and individuality which should have taught those who made this film how to create and photograph a city. One has to wonder, instead, how on earth it got into so conventional a show.

"The Impatient Years" made me very impatient indeed. The difficulties of a discharged soldier and the wife whom he had known, before he went off to war, for only four days, could have become a first-rate film. So long as the script allows them to stay within hailing distance of that idea, Jean Arthur and Lee Bowman and Charles Coburn make a semi-bearable third-rate comedy of it.

"Hail the Conquering Hero," of course, is pretty nearly the only film of the year worth talking about. I hope to try, next week.

JAMES AGEE

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MUSIC

MY YOUNG Boston correspondent, when the army sent him back to Fort Bragg, doubted that he would find anything musical there to report; but a couple of hours in barracks with someone's radio going, one Sunday afternoon, left him "aghast, bludgeoned, waterlogged by the torrent of bad music in worse arrangements that poured out of popular variety programs. . . . The worst single item is those fanfares that begin variety shows —each blatant, pompous, and stupid enough to sink a battleship. And once isn't enough: we have to have about four of them before the program can start. You know: FANFARE—'Rapid Hairgrow Incorporated presents'—FANFARE—'Tommy Bingle, his basset horn and his Kansas Kretins'—DOUBLE FANFARE—'Frankie Kopak, that sterile entertainer of stage, screen, and radio'—TRIPLE FANFARE—'with a great supporting company of faded favorites'—THEME UP, TUTTI, FORTISSIMO—'What Rapid Hairgrow Lotion will do for your head will astound . . .'" And so on.

More recently he asked whether I had "bothered to notice how lax the New York Philharmonic has been this summer, even under Reiner?" I had not bothered; and from what he said I gathered that the Sunday broadcasts this summer have been as insufficiently rehearsed as the ones last summer which I did hear and write about. The one time I listened was when Reiner conducted three excerpts from Mussorgsky's original version of "Boris Godunov" as revised by Shostakovitch; and I was too intent on the substance of the music to note much about the performance. The excerpts—Boris's two monologues and his farewell—do not lend themselves to the crude orchestral underlining that Shostakovitch was reported to have done elsewhere to bring out the latent proletarian character of the work; and most of the instrumental coloring sounded as though it were Mussorgsky's own (I had only a Bessel edition of Mussorgsky's 1875 arrangement for piano and voices of his own revised version of the work); but now and then there was a line of clarinet or bass-clarinet color, characteristic of Shostakovitch but not of Mussorgsky, and so out of key with everything else in these excerpts that I was sure it had been added by Shostakovitch. As for several phrases in the farewell that were not in my score, I presumed they were in Mussorgsky's first version of the work. What I noticed in the performance was Kipnis's singing: formerly he had used his beautiful voice with ease and taste; now, with constriction in production there were melodramatic mannerisms of style. Also, he followed Chaliapin's practice of speaking instead of singing the words in the hallucination monologue. But that is something only a Chaliapin might do; and certainly in a concert performance of the Mussorgsky original that we never hear Kipnis should have let us hear the vocal sounds that Mussorgsky wrote for the words.

Most recently, on the eve of being shipped overseas, my correspondent came up for a last visit, at which he heard for the first time the records of Debussy's "Gigues" and "Rondes de printemps." I had written in my review that the recording had left some of the inner strands of the orchestral polyphony inaudible; my visitor thought they probably had not been audible in the original performance. "For all the sounds in those scores to be heard," he said, "they have to be correctly balanced against each other, the way they are by Toscanini. And my guess is that they weren't by Monteux." Having once observed the process by which Toscanini worked out those correct balances in "La Mer," I found the guess credible.

Concerning the pieces themselves I remarked that a every moment one heard something completely new in sound, produced by a new use of the orchestra, a new combination of orchestral elements, and that one marveled at it and at the ear which had imagined not only the composite sound but its components; but that no less new and wonderful was the expressive effect for which the sound had been contrived, and what one had to marvel at was the artistic imagination which had conceived both this vision of the sights, the sounds, the atmosphere of spring, and this astounding succession of sounds in which it was realized. (One can say the orchestration is in the French tradition; one can say it is in Debussy's own rich, intricate style of "La Mer"; but there remains what is different, new, and unique in "Rondes de printemps," and what is all these things because it is especially contrived for the new and unique imaginative purposes of this piece.) My visitor and I agreed that Berlioz also offered examples of this sort of thing; and since he had not heard "Romeo and Juliet" when Toscanini had performed it I pointed out in the score the things which a few strings, a pair of flutes, and a single horn did to create the enchantment of the night in Capulet's garden, and the wonders of "Queen Mab," as only a few of the innumerable freshly imagined details that had overwhelmed me in the work.

The same thing, my visitor observed at this point, was also true of Mozart's use of the orchestra in his operas. He agreed with my estimate of some of the marvels in the purely formal works—like the restatement of the second subject in the finale of the G minor Symphony. But even more wonderful, he contended, were the things which dramatic and expressive purposes caused Mozart to do with the orchestra in his operas: here one heard constantly and astoundingly new invention like that of Debussy and Berlioz. And in the concertos too, we agreed, Mozart contrived fascinating things for the orchestra in its dramatic and humorous play with the piano.

That was why, said my visitor, he wanted to write a book about the orchestration in Mozart's operas. It is a book I hope will be written.

B. H. HAGGIN

CONTRIBUTORS

LOUIS FISCHER has been a newspaper correspondent in Europe and Asia since 1921. His books include "Men and Politics," "Dawn of Victory," "Empire," "A Week with Gandhi," and "The Soviets in World Affairs."

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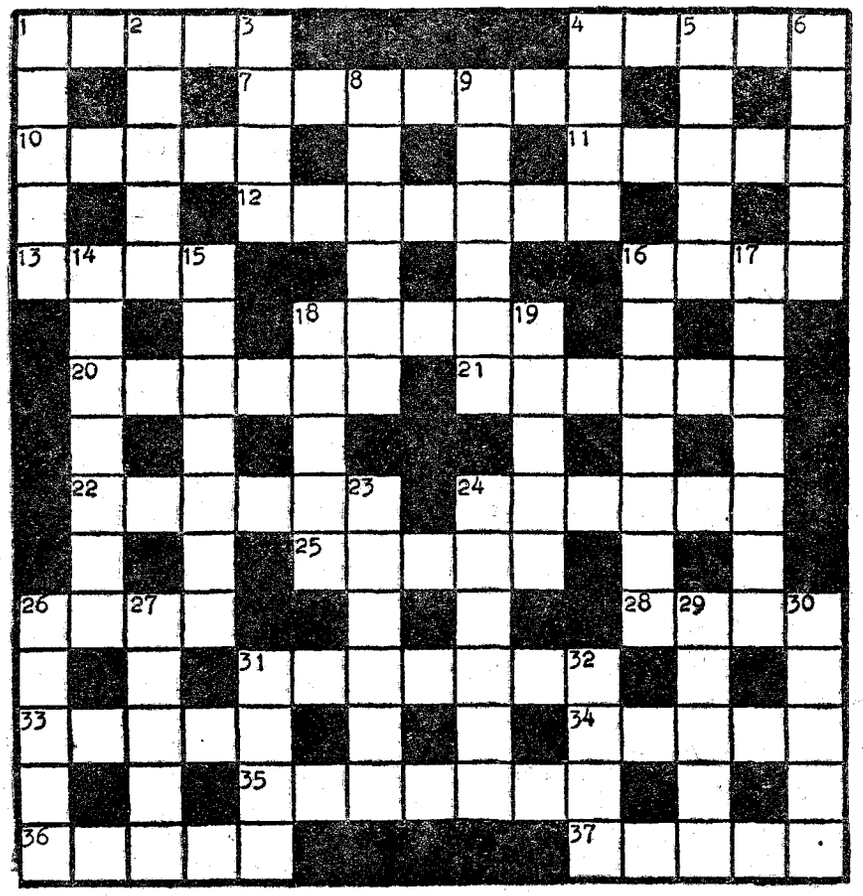
Cross-Word Puzzle No. 81

By JACK BARRETT



ACROSS

1 It gave us opera
4 There are a hundred in *The Decameron*
7 A diplomatic language since Versailles
10 Town of Nebraska
11 Pat on the chest with a shovel
12 Brings to mind
13 Always getting into picnic sandwiches
16 Stronghold
18 No, sir; you shouldn't have too many in the fire
20 Repose comes to a Bachelor of Arts
21 She wrote *Old Chester Tales*
22 Minstrel: the last of his line (two words, 3 and 3)
24 A trying person
25 God of revelry
26 I never set eyes on this MS, old boy (hidden)
28 Obliged for new wine
31 Cause of the *Titanic* disaster in 1912
33 Order of architecture
34 Hunter of star parts
35 Strait between the Mediterranean and Adriatic
36 Oldest member
37 A hated thing

DOWN

1 Graven images of solid composition
2 Slight advance repeated
3 "And passing rich with forty pounds a ----" (Goldsmith)
4 "But thousands die without or ---- or that —
Die, and endow a college or a cat" (Pope)
5 Ethel emerges from the river somewhat discomposed
6 Something in a description of a pilgrim
8 Self-propelled vehicle?
9 There was one of Lanterns in the celebrated satire of Rabelais
14 Easy-going nags
15 A desired change
16 There's one stag anyway in this African town
17 Ensured (anag.)
18 Father of Rebecca, in *Ivanhoe*
19 The French say there are three—men, women and clergymen
23 The rash are supposed to have it, but it isn't likely (two words, 2 and 4)
24 Soup dish
26 The tale of the Siege of Troy
27 What economists call the "medium of exchange"
29 Town in Tunisia—and in New York
30 Very tenacious of life, this fish
31 Here an image I study
32 Often buried with bones, according to the Bard

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 80

ACROSS:—1 VERSAILLES; 6 GAMP; 10 SUSTAIN; 11 EJECTOR; 12 EFTSOONS; 13 ENNUI; 15 SALAD; 17 NAPOLEONS; 19 IRONSIDES; 21 ERATO; 23 ICHOR; 24 SLIPSHOD; 27 AILMENT; 28 INVOICE; 29 EBON; 30 ADAM AND EVE.

DOWN:—1 VEST; 2 RESTFUL; 3 ADAMS; 4 LAND OF NOD; 5 EVENS; 7 ANTONIO; 8 PERMISSION; 9 REVEILLE; 14 ASSIMILATE; 16 DESERTED; 18 PESSIMISM; 20 OTHELLO; 22 ACONITE; 24 SATED; 25 SEVEN; 26 CEDE.

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